5¢

Liberty

Oct. 4, 1941

PAN-AMERICAN FRIENDSHIP
by MRS. ROOSEVELT

THE POLICE LOOK at BABY FARMS

Bet your friends and win your bet!

Raleighs are more golden!

HERE'S THE BET: Let them take Raleighs and any other brands, conceal the labels, and show you just the open ends of the packs. Then bet you can pick Raleighs. It's so easy you'll hate to collect!

HERE'S WHY YOU'LL WIN:

The tobacco in Raleighs is more golden colored. You can see it at a glance. That golden color is proof of *quality*...at the great tobacco sales, only golden leaves bring the top prices. Try a pack of these finer-quality, *finer-tasting* cigarettes today. And save the coupons for your choice of premiums.

See that GOLDEN COLOR ...it's the expert way to pick a milder tastier smoke!

PLAIN OR CORK TIPS · UNION MADE

RALEIGH IS THE PACK WITH THE COUPON ON THE BACK. B & W coupons (also with Kool Cigarettes and Big Ben Smoking Tobacco) good in U. S. for premiums. Write for new catalog No. 19. Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Box 599, Louisville, Ky.

TUNE IN *"College Humor" every Tuesday night . . . coast-to-coast NBC Red network.*

BILLFOLD and **KEY-CASE** of genuine pigskin. Zipper bill compartment. 6-clip key-case, loss-return tag. Dark brown or black. 175 coup.

TABLE RADIO by General Electric. Latest AC-DC superheterodyne model. Automatic volume control. Rare wood cabinet. 1500 coupons.

SILVERWARE. Oneida Community Par Plate. Clarion design. 26 pieces (service for 6), in tarnish-proof walnut-finish chest . . 800 coupons.

PARKER DUOFOLD Pen and Pencil Set. New, improved, streamlined. Visible ink supply. Concealed self-filling device. Medium size. 300 coup.

FREE! Newcatalog No. 19. Full-color illustrations and complete descriptions of the many premiums. 60 fascinating pages. Dozens of new items.

Do you See a Boy?
No. I See the Governor of a Great State.

Is he a Governor who Inspires Confidence?
Yes. He has Ability, Integrity, a Fine Personality.

And a Bright, Friendly Smile that may well have come from his Lifelong Devotion to Ipana and Massage.

Guard the beauty of your smile. Help keep your gums firmer, your teeth brighter with Ipana and Massage

Q. *Is there anything more to home dental care than brushing teeth regularly?*

A. Indeed there is! Brushing teeth is only half the job. Gums, too, must have everyday care. In fact, dentists are almost unanimous in urging daily gum massage.

Q. *Why is gum massage so important?*

A. Because today's soft, creamy foods require little chewing, they do not give gums the exercise needed for healthy firmness. Neglected gums often become soft and sensitive . . . and signal their weakened condition by a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush.

Q. *What should be done when "pink tooth brush" occurs?*

A. See your dentist right away. "Pink tooth brush" may not mean serious trouble, but let him decide. He may merely tell you that your gums need stimulation. And, like thousands of dentists, he may suggest the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage.

Q. *Can Ipana and massage effectively ward off "pink tooth brush"?*

A. It can be remarkably helpful, if you massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums *every time* you brush your teeth. For Ipana is specially designed to do more than clean teeth. Used with massage, it helps make gums stronger, healthier. That is why Ipana and massage is an important aid in warding off "pink tooth brush," in helping you to brighter teeth, firmer gums—a more sparkling smile!

Ipana Tooth Paste

The First Word—From Our Readers Vox Pop

A FATHER SPEAKS OF TAXES AND STRIKES AND DEFENSE

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.—No true American is against the present-day defense program. We differ as to whether or not this country should go to war, but we all feel the need of defense.

Now, we all know that this program is going to cost us money. Our government says our taxes are going to be heavy and we will have to pay through the nose. Are we complaining? I don't think so, but by the same token have we the right to strike against these taxes? How far would we get if we even tried?

Has the draftee the right to strike? What would the boys in Washington do if they did? These fellows, who are doing the real work of defense, start at twenty-one dollars a month, and what chance have they to get higher wages?

Why, then, do we who pay the cost and send our sons to the army have to put up with the many strikes in our defense works? I, for one, would likewise be interested in the amount of money the unions pay to our government in the way of taxes.—*Vernon O. Smith.*

THE CASE OF HERR THYSSEN

COLUMBUS, OHIO—Liberty can do few things of greater service to America than it is doing in publishing the articles by Fritz Thyssen. Here is an eminent, intelligent German who knows the Nazi movement thoroughly and condemns it from firsthand experience. We could have no more convincing warning. More power to you!—*John C. Adams.*

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.—I have just read Part One of I Paid Hitler's Way to Power, in Liberty for August 23. It is indeed deplorable that an American magazine will give consideration and comfort to a selfish, cowardly gangster who, with others of his ilk in Germany, France, and England, has caused unprecedented misery and devastation throughout the world. —*Minnie Bartholdus.*

WELL, IT SEEMS A REASONABLE FACSIMILE

LONG BEACH, CALIF.—Have you considered the possibility that no actual warfare exists between Germany and Russia—that this is a Hitler ruse to obtain United States and British supplies through Russia—with Stalin's co-operation? Please give this your earnest consideration.—*E. Davies.*

MINORITY REPORT ON THE MOVIES

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—I have just finished reading the letter from Gertrude W. Scott in August 16 Liberty, and I thoroughly disagree with her.

She wrote that she had a son twelve years old whose morals would be hurt by seeing a picture such as The Philadelphia Story. I am only a year older than her son and such a picture didn't hurt me. In fact, I enjoyed it very much.

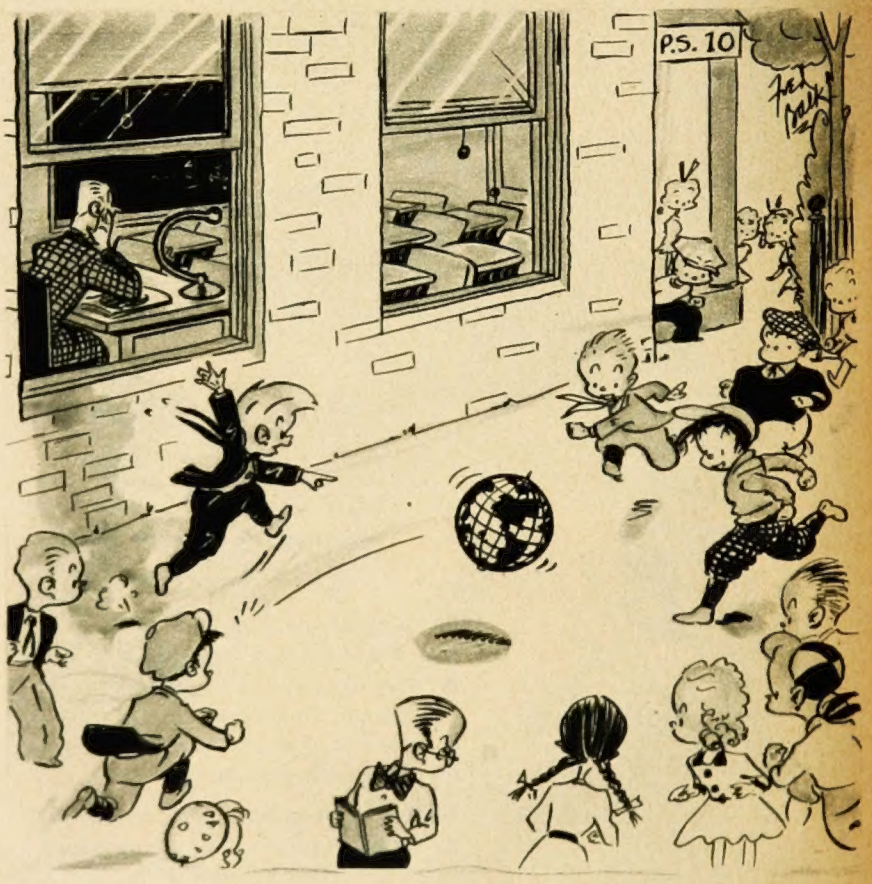
Mrs. Scott goes on to tell how much she and her son enjoyed such pictures as Tom Sawyer and A Tale of Two Cities, and that these and Mickey Mouses are the only type of movies we children should see. There is another point that I don't agree with. I saw Tom Sawyer and A Tale of Two Cities, and I thought they were very good, and I like Mickey Mouses too, but I also enjoy such pictures as This Thing Called Love, Philadelphia Story, and I looked only at the comedy side of the story, and I assure you that such good comedy could not hurt any child my age. I hope that we have more of those comedies and that parents will allow their children to see and enjoy these pictures.—*Ronald Berkowitz, thirteen years old.*

THAT LETTER TO HITLER

SOUTH ST. PAUL, MINN.—I have just finished reading An Open Letter to Hitler (August 16 Liberty). It is truly a masterpiece and should be published in every language and broadcast to all nations. If I, a housewife, can be stirred so deeply by it, what must the people in the enslaved nations feel? It makes me want to stand up and say again, as I have said so many times, "Thank God I am an American."—*Luella Dardis.*

DALTON, GA.—Your marvelous Letter to Hitler was a timely national tonic and an international inspiration. Upward struggling humanity everywhere will acknowledge eternal gratitude. God bless

(*Continued on page 6*)



"Teacher said *we* might as well kick it around—every one else is!"

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OVER 400,000 families—thus at the very least, over a million discriminating book-readers—now belong to the Book-of-the-Month Club. They do so, in order to keep themselves from missing the new books they are really interested in.

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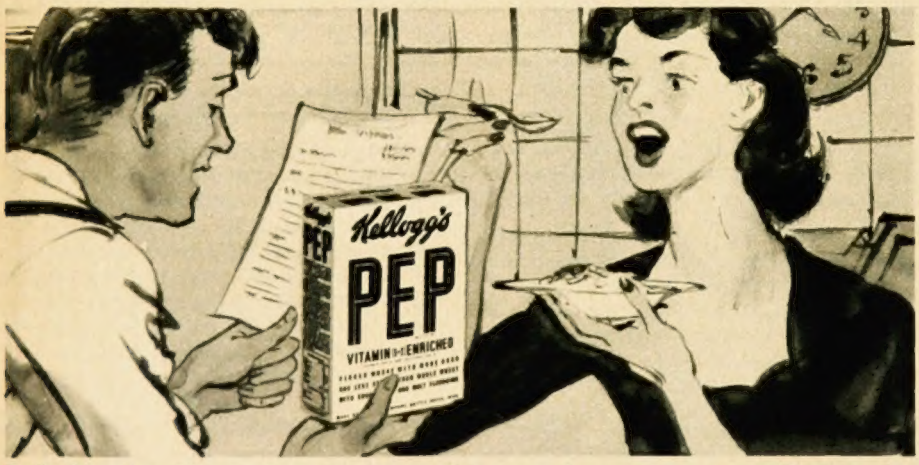
How's your "Pep Appeal"? —by Bundy

Radio Director: No! No! You're going on the air for PEP! Where's that old "oomph"—you know—that zip-zip, that "pep appeal"?

Radio Director: Now! Now! Don't feel so bad about it. I know you can rock 'em when you're feeling right. And—say!—that reminds me. Why don't we take time out to *try* a little KELLOGG'S PEP?



Radio Director: Here in the script it says that none of us can have pep without getting all his vitamins. And right in this crisp toasted cereal, KELLOGG'S PEP, are extra-rich sources of two of the most important vitamins, B_1 and D.

The Singer: Hey! Hold on a minute! This is the best doggone cereal I've tasted in a month of Sundays. If getting all my vitamins can be as much fun as eating PEP, just watch me! Before long I'll become the pep girl of the air.

Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of vitamin B_1, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

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(*Continued from page 4*)

your American heart and pen in this world crisis!—*William D. Upshaw.*

HUNTINGTON PARK, CALIF.—Great guns Fulton Oursler turned on the Huns in August 16 Liberty. Only thing is, he doesn't know enough filthy words to hand those dirty ———. Bravo, Liberty, long may she wave, and to her editor, that old vinegaroon: Sting 'em again, and—vaya con Dios, señor.—*Robert S. Fisher (just a common garden variety of suburban lawyer).*

CUSHING, OKLA.—Thanks for Mr. Oursler's Letter to Hitler in The Last Word. I hope that it "jars" him, and I predict that it will.—*H. D. Strong.*

A BUSINESS MAN PONDERS MR. STREIT

MEMPHIS, TENN.—HAVE JUST READ YOUR ARTICLE BY CLARENCE STREIT [August 9 Liberty] ADVOCATING UNION WITH BRITAIN. HIS CONCLUSIONS UTTERLY UNSOUND AND COMPLETELY AT VARIANCE WITH AMERICAN IDEALS. WE SHOULD HAVE A LAW IN THIS COUNTRY PROHIBITING SECOND CLASS AMERICANS FROM BEING EDUCATED IN ENGLAND TO BECOME FIRST CLASS BRITISHERS. STREIT SHOWS NO UNDERSTANDING AT ALL OF FUNDAMENTAL ECONOMIC CONDITIONS OF THE WORLD TODAY AND HIS THESIS IF ADOPTED SHOULD MAKE INCONGRUOUS THE TITLE OF YOUR MAGAZINE AS AN AMERICAN PUBLICATION. IF YOU HAVE A REPORTER WHO KNOWS SOMETHING ABOUT ECONOMICS AND POLITICAL SCIENCE SEND HIM OVER TO MY OFFICE ON MADISON AVENUE AND I WILL HAVE MY SECRETARY GIVE YOU AN ADVANCE COPY OF MY NEW BOOK "MY COUNTRY 'TIS OF THEE" JUST NOW COMING OFF THE PRESS. THIS SHOULD ANSWER COMPLETELY STREIT'S FANTASY, AND I AM NO AUTHOR, EITHER. JUST AN AMERICAN BUSINESS MAN. THANK YOU. —J. EDWARD JONES.

CORPORAL STEWART CORRECTS HIMSELF

MOFFETT FIELD, CALIF.—In my article My Life in the Army (August 16 Liberty) I was misquoted in the statement, "I volunteered for selective service, so I got to pick the Air Corps."

Men who volunteer for selective service do not have their choice of a branch of the service. Their assignment depends upon a classification which the army gives them soon after they are inducted. I was assigned to the Air Corps because I was classified as an "exceptional specialist." I was a licensed civilian pilot with over 500 hours solo flying time to my credit.

Inasmuch as this point is quite important in the future classification of volunteers for selective service, I would greatly appreciate it if you could correct this statement.—*Corp. Jimmy Stewart.*

YOU'RE RIGHT— FRED'S WRONG

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.—In Liberty's Frederick Lewis article on Arch Oboler

(August 30 Liberty) Mr. Lewis states: "He has yet to say his first word into a microphone, and likely will never say it."

This is all very well emphasized but not very true. In fact, it was the only thing that marred a terrific series of radio programs that Arch Oboler presented, when he began to speak and introduce the characters and set the scene for his play. If you will tip off Mr. Oboler just to write and produce, not to speak, he and Mr. Lewis will both be right.—*Jack R. Berne.*

Liberty has received many letters from attentive radio listeners on Mr. Lewis' mistake.—VOX POP ED.

THE ARMANDO LETTERS ARE STILL COMING

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I want to compliment Liberty on the new art style created by Armando in connection with Frederick L. Collins' recent articles on Senator Wheeler and Lindbergh. Even though the drawings are done in black and white, they seem to give a two-tone effect, and are startlingly original.—*Monroe W. Greenthal, Director of Advertising and Publicity, United Artists Corporation.*

ARMANDO

BOSTON, MASS.—I am getting quite a kick out of the caricatures drawn by Armando for Liberty. They are indeed unusual and seem to be a story in themselves. I hope you will see fit to continue them.—*Paul C. Sanborn.*

Liberty gratefully acknowledges similarly enthusiastic letters about Armando's work from Sherman M. Fairchild, Fairchild Engine and Airplane Corporation; George Withald, executive stylist, General Motors Corporation; Vincent Trotta, art director, National Screen Service Corporation; and many, many others.—VOX POP ED.

LYNBROOK, N. Y.—I was amazed at the Armando caricature appearing in August 9 Liberty. It was not only an outrage and an insult to two great Americans, but also to all other Americans who share their opinions.—*I. J. Clark.*

MR. MITCHELL'S HAIR-RAISING ADVENTURE

PORT CLINTON, OHIO—For those who wish to go to the extreme, let me offer the following suggestion: I purposely grew a mustache and had my barber shave a V—for Victory—and it was really good. Just an experiment, however.

It naturally follows that the isolationists can copy the idea by having their barbers shave out an I—or, better still, to make them appear as ridiculous as they talk, let them grow a so-called eyebrow mustache in the form of a capital I. This would be a very abbreviated Hitler lip decoration.—*Robert C. Mitchell.*

You may be good but out you go . . . when you have the double O

COMPETITION'S fierce these days, and ability alone often isn't enough. If an employer has to let a girl go, and has to pick from two girls of equal ability—which one gets the pink slip? The one with a clean, attractive smile and pleasant breath, or the one with "Double O" (Offensive-looking teeth and Offensive breath)? You know the answer.

Yes, you may be the most fastidious girl in the world in other things, but if you're careless about the "Double O," young lady, you're in for some bad times!

What To Do About It

But why risk offending, when there's a delightful daily precaution that so many popular, sought-after girls use every day.

For the teeth, the new Listerine Tooth Paste. Here's a dentifrice made specially to help bring out the natural sparkle, the clean, flashing brilliance of your smile.

New Tooth Paste . . . New Formula

The new Listerine Tooth Paste is an entirely new formula that attacks cloudy, loose deposits, goes to work on dull, dingy teeth. Many girls say they can actually see its beautifying effects in a surprisingly short time.

And for the breath—Listerine, of course. It halts food fermentation in the mouth, a frequent cause of halitosis.

Delightful Daily Double

If you want to get ahead, don't neglect the "Double O." Start in today with the delightful Listerine Daily Double: the new Listerine Tooth Paste for a clean, attractive smile, and Listerine Antiseptic for a more appealing breath.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

the double precaution against double O *Offensive Breath Offensive looking Teeth*

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

and LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

Plowing a 1600-mile furrow *for defense*

THE nation's transcontinental telephone facilities are being more than doubled—in a hurry!

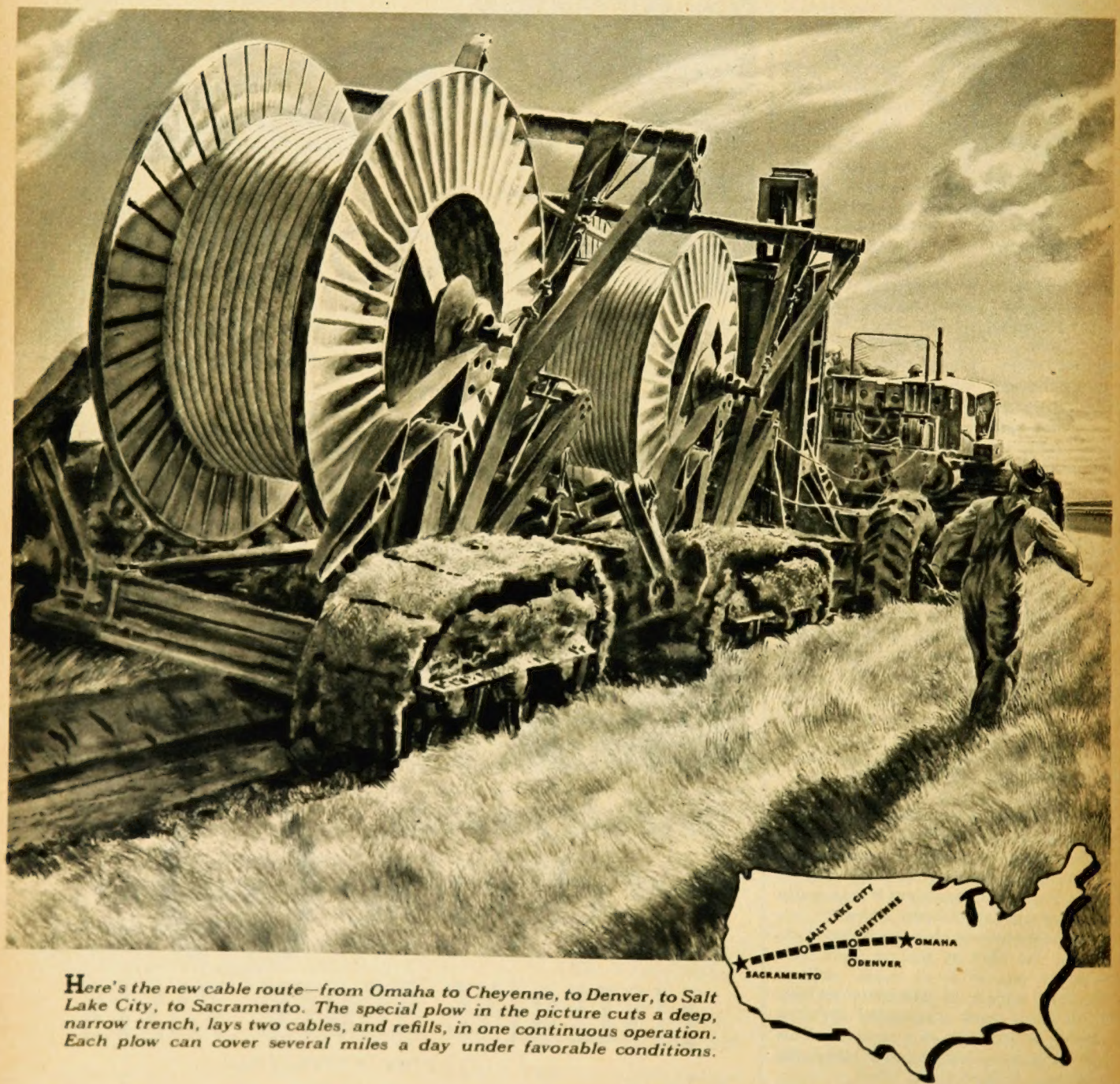
Telephone crews now are working west from Omaha. Others soon will start east from Sacramento. When they meet, their tractor-hauled "plow trains" will have buried two Long Distance telephone cables three feet underground, in a furrow 1600 miles long!

Together, these twin cables provide for more than 500 *new* telephone talking channels—plus facilities for radio, teletype and telephoto. Protected against all weather hazards, they make it unlikely that America's coast-to-coast communications will ever be broken.

Big as it is, this job is only a small part of the Bell System's share in national defense.

LONG DISTANCE helps unite the nation

"THE TELEPHONE HOUR" *is broadcast every Monday evening over the N.B.C. Red Network*



Here's the new cable route—from Omaha to Cheyenne, to Denver, to Salt Lake City, to Sacramento. The special plow in the picture cuts a deep, narrow trench, lays two cables, and refills, in one continuous operation. Each plow can cover several miles a day under favorable conditions.

O. J. ELDER PUBLISHER • FULTON OURSLER EDITOR IN CHIEF • WALTER LLOYD ART EDITOR

Liberty

OCTOBER 4, 1941 VOL. 18, NO. 40

ARE WE GOING TO HAVE A MIRACLE?

☆ A MIRACLE may happen. The Senate Finance Committee has passed a resolution demanding a reduction in non-defense spending. Of course that doesn't mean that the Congress is going to obey the demand. But maybe it will. Maybe the protests that you have read on this page and elsewhere will bear some fruit. Perhaps the clamor of the long-suffering public, outraged at the beastly spectacle of the squandermaniacs in Congress still groveling around the pork barrel, has at last made an impression. Only a few weeks ago we reminded these representatives of the people that they would soon be coming up for re-election. By that time the new taxes would be hurting their own constituents, and the probabilities were that they would be kicked out of office, as they well deserved.

At this writing they propose to raise $28,000,000 by an increased tax on your local telephone bills and another $8,000,000 by taxing your electric-light bulbs. It will be interesting to see what are the items in non-defense spending of which Congress deprives itself. As the tax base is broadened and more people have to pay taxes, there is going to be a greater watchfulness over the gentlemen in Congress who so buoyantly appropriate our money.

Already the tax structure in this country is fantastic. Let us look at a few examples. The Socony-Vacuum Oil Company paid a sum in taxes that was equal to three and a half times the net earnings of the world operations of the company. How long do the taxgatherers in Washington think such a condition can continue? For every dollar in salary paid by the Socony Company, it paid to federal, state, and municipal governments $1.59 in taxes. Read that again. Ponder on it. Ask yourself if that is a businesslike way to run the United States government. The taxes of the Texas Company increased about 115 per cent in ten years. That represented a payment of $4,279 per employee. Next year these figures are to be enormously increased.

One of the most extraordinary Alice-in-Wonderland examples of our taxation program is to be found in the New York Telephone Company. In 1940 this company paid in taxes $40,500,000. Read that over again. That means that the New York Telephone Company paid a tax of $1.25 a month for each telephone in use. Incredible? No. These are facts, and here are more. The Telephone Company paid a tax of $20 a week for each one of its 40,000 employees. Read *that* again, and remember it represents taxes paid by this one company of $132,000 for each working day of the year.

We could cite other examples, from the automotive industry, the railroads, and other industries, but we shall confine ourselves to two. In 1940 the United States Steel Corporation paid in taxes $85,000,000. In that year the government received in taxes 55 per cent more from the Steel Company than in 1929, but the stockholders received 45 per cent less. The stockholders actually averaged less than 1 per cent a year for the last ten years. The E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co., Inc., paid in taxes last year an average of $1,090,385 a week. No wonder Walter S. Carpenter, Jr., president of the du Pont Company, said, "It is of vital concern . . . to the general welfare of all industry and to the future well-being of the country as a whole that the law for raising revenues for the government should be so designed as to avoid needless injury to our basic institutions."

It is idle to point out that all this has virtually closed the door to new industrial undertakings. Government oppression has almost throttled private enterprise. But now a worse condition is emerging. They have done what they said they would do. They have soaked the rich. They have soaked big business. It is not enough—not nearly enough. Now they are going to soak everybody except themselves—unless this miracle really comes to pass.

Our country is big enough and rich enough to pay our national defense bills and still remain a going concern. Our people are sensible enough and patriotic enough to accept their burdens cheerfully and faithfully. But no country is big enough, rich enough, or patriotic enough to squander its resources, to throw away its money, to rob its citizens for the benefit of politicians, and to remain a sound and going concern. The madness has gone far enough. Even the Senate Finance Committee demands that a halt be called.

We have been saying the same thing for a long time. We have been demanding that the squandermaniacs take their hands out of the people's pockets. Perhaps the day of miracles is not over. Maybe the Congress is going to economize. God grant it be so. If not, the American people are going to get angry. When that happens, the squandermaniacs had better watch out!

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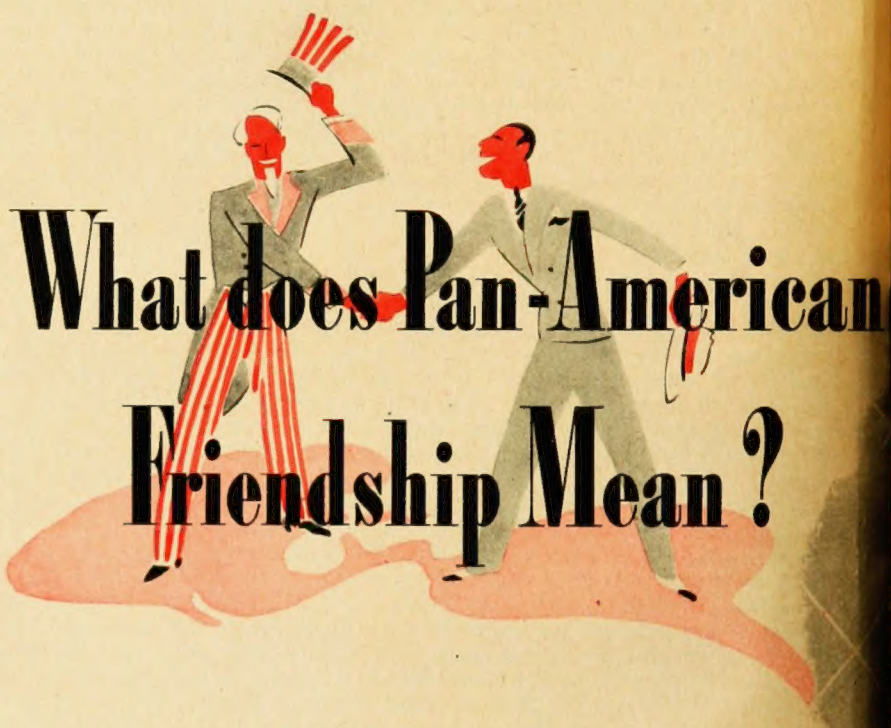
What does Pan-American Friendship Mean?



☆ IT seems to me that Pan-American relationships divide themselves broadly along three lines.

First there are the political relationships which represent the policies conceived and carried out by the various governments. Here we have an impressive record.

The hemisphere began to work for Pan-Americanism in 1826, when the great Liberator, Simon Bolivar, called the first meeting of American States. It was the birth of one of the greatest experiments in international relationships that the world has seen. In its 115 years of life it has progressed from a dream to a reality.

The First International Conference of American States was held at Washington for promotion of inter-American trade and furtherance of peace through arbitration.

In 1890, the basis for the Pan-American Union was provided for in the "Commercial Bureau of the American Republics." The Union was formally christened and its building dedicated in 1910.

In 1901-02, the Second Conference of American Republics was held in Mexico City. The main topic of discussion was the peaceful settlement of international disputes, in line with which was the adherence given by the delegations to the Hague Convention.

In 1906, the Third International Conference met at Rio de Janeiro, which again dealt with the problems of international arbitration and the matter of collection of public debts by force. This was a delicate matter which we had not in the past handled wisely or tactfully. Our attitude of taking responsibility alone has now changed, and we now propose to share it with our neighbors. This meant great reassurance to such nations as had doubted motives and feared aggression on our part as a threat to their independence.

Between 1910 and 1928, the Fourth, Fifth, and Sixth International Conferences took place, and were concerned primarily with economic and cultural matters; and finally, in 1928-29, the Pan-American Conference on Conciliation and Arbitration met at Washington. It adopted a convention providing for conciliation of disputes and a General Treaty of Inter-American Arbitration, which was another real step forward in gaining mutual confidence.

In 1933, President Roosevelt conceived and enunciated the Good Neighbor policy, and the Seventh International Conference was held at Montevideo.

A nonintervention resolution which was embodied in the Convention was ratified by the United States Senate, June 14, 1934.

In 1936, the Inter-American Conference for the Maintenance of Peace was held at Buenos Aires. Provisions were made for settlement of disputes by consultation, arbitration, etc., and for Pan-American consultation "in the event of an international war outside of America."

In 1938, the Eighth International Conference was held at Lima. The Declaration of Lima provided machinery for consultation in the event of a threat from outside the hemisphere.

In 1939, the Conference of Ministers of Foreign Affairs met at Panama to agree on common measures with regard to defense of their neutrality, in accordance with the Declaration of Lima; and in 1940, the Conference of the Ministers of Foreign Affairs met at Havana to deal with special problems after the fall of the Low Countries and France.

The Havana Declaration, forbidding transfer of European colonies to non-American Powers, provided for an "Inter-American Commission of Territorial Administrations," in case the occupation of any colonies became necessary. This collaboration is the final step in real inter-American confidence.

During the past few years our government has, I think, been making great efforts to understand some of the political problems of the other nations in our hemisphere, and at the same time tried to make it possible for the people in Central and South America to better understand the problems of the United States.

A second division takes in all the economic interests of our various countries and here we have a wide field in which there are many problems today. While these problems existed in the past, they were never brought into such focus as now, because of the war situation in Europe and in the Far East.

The third division is the division of cultural relations. This, I think, in a broad way can be described as the knowledge and understanding which people acquire and develop about each other. Language and literature and the arts are all involved in a real knowledge and appreciation of groups of people for each other. In the long run this is, perhaps, the most important point in the intercourse and development of our relationships, because both political and economic matters will follow the trend of cultural understanding between the people themselves.

It is all very well for our government to enunciate the Good Neighbor policy, which is an excellent framework within which the people of our nation as a whole may think out the methods by which they are going to find a sympathetic basis for work and play. They must have, however, a reciprocal appreciation of each other's qualities as human beings if a real understanding is to exist among nations. Unless the people take hold, the good-will policy of our government will die. The government may undertake to formulate reciprocal trade agreements, it may try to find avenues through which trade can flow back and forth among our nations, but unless the people decide that these agreements shall be made mutually helpful, there is little chance that they will ever be tried out honestly.

The government may start students, professors, and books going from one country to another, but unless the people read the books and unless they get to know the professors and the students, little will be gained by all the expenditure of money and effort.

No one will deny that to completely change the pattern of trade relations between certain groups of nations is a difficult thing to do. For a long while, many of the things produced in Central and South America have found

BY MRS. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

The First Lady presents the human, personal side of a problem never so important as now

their readiest market in European and Asiatic ports. Now this interchange is impossible and we find that, to take one example, coffee alone causes a tremendous change in the economic pattern in many of our sister republics. Fourteen of the twenty Latin-American nations produce coffee, and ten of the fourteen coffee-producing nations have this commodity as one of their chief exports. Colombia, El Salvador, Nicaragua, Haiti, Brazil, Costa Rica, Cuba, Venezuela, Mexico, all have coffee as one of their chief exports. European markets, for the time being, are out of the question. Therefore, as a temporary expedient, our government has lent many of those Central and South American governments some money to tide them over the emergency. But that is not a long-term solution. The greater purchase of coffee in this country has been one of the things advocated, and a working agreement has been reached.

In 1940 the United States increased its purchases from South and Central America by $170,000,000, compared with 1938, and during the first five months of 1941 we purchased $434,500,000 worth of goods, which is almost as much as we bought in the whole year of 1938.

Efforts are being made to locate new sources of goods in Central and South America which previously the United States purchased in Europe, and our government departments are co-operating with those of the other republics in searching for complementary products that will not compete with our own, and which, therefore, can be successfully marketed in the United States. As evidence of this, there is a very interesting exhibit being prepared for next winter in New York City in one of the large department stores under a very able fashion adviser which will show to our people some of the possibilities for the purchase and use of Central and South American products.

This effort is an effort to become traders, not merely sellers. We must never forget that in buying we are sure also to increase our sales, and that the trade situation is enormously dependent upon the general situation of the people as a whole in every country involved.

Our government will co-operate in the problem of all the great staples—coffee, corn, cocoa, wheat, and sugar. We have paved the way already by the agreements on coffee which we may well feel may lead the way to further agreements.

But after consideration of each of these fields, we come back to the third field, which I think is the basis of all real understanding and mutual prosperity. Some of the things which I feel any individual interested in hemispheric solidarity can do are:

Study Spanish and Portuguese.

Read books on Latin-American history, culture, economics, etc. Get the local library to maintain a good Latin-American bookshelf.

Investigate local stores for Latin-American products, foodstuffs, wines, fruit, cheese, furs, ceramics, glassware, hand-decorated metal, leather goods, etc., to see if they stock these products.

Constitute one-man hospitality committees for any visitor from any other American republic who comes to town.

The above points are stressed by the group under our government which is working to develop better relationships among us all; but I should like to add one more, namely, that the effort to do all of these things will be of value only if we make of ourselves a humbler people than we have been on many occasions. We must come to realize that other cultures and other races have things to offer us, and that we must be willing to accept benefits from them in the same manner that we hope they will accept something from our economic and cultural life which may prove of benefit to them.

There are great differences among

(*Continued on page 35*)

READING TIME • 27 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

Police chief turns Cupid and dabbles in love! It's a gay, captivating story

BY ROYAL BROWN

☆ ELECTRIC arc lights pricked the autumnal dusk with stabs of white, and neon lights shone red along Elm Street. The tang of October was in the air, and the chief of the Leichester police force sniffed it, and trouble as well. He was in his office at headquarters—which was, as he himself put it, some place for a mick who had landed green on Ellis Island fifty years before to be spending his declining days in.

Legend had it that when the chief had first inspected his quarters in the new Municipal Building the WPA had built two years before, he had said:

"Well, Roosevelt's the lad who don't begrudge a dollar when it comes to making an old Irish flatfoot comfortable. I'm wondering if Mrs. Roosevelt would kindly run me up some drapes for the windows."

Now the chief was at his desk talking to the traffic officer stationed at the head of Elm Street a scant mile away.

"Steve Allerton will be along in about an hour or so," he was saying. "He's driving that new convertible of his. Got a twelve-prong buck on the mudguard, I hear. Keep an eye out for him and bring him in. Don't let him get by you or I'll break you. Got it?"

He was silent for a second; then he added:

"And if you see that car that young lieutenant from New York came up in, put a tag on it. . . . What for? Parking near a hydrant. Or, if there isn't any hydrant, for not parking near a hydrant. But pin a tag on it anyway."

He replaced the phone, looked at his watch. It was four thirty-one.

It was five forty when Steve Allerton, driving fast, swung into Leichester from the north with the twelve-prong buck riding on the front right mudguard for all the world to see. The shot that had brought the buck to this pass had been a swell one, and it would be a sweller shot by the time Steve finished telling about it.

He felt good, but not too good. The way a man would feel returning home to a bride of four months who hadn't exactly cheered when he had told her he must go and shoot himself a deer.

A bride named Bettina. One of those spoiled brats that expect to get their own way always.

The Bettina he had proposed to in ski suits, dinner frocks, skating skirt, became a Bettina familiar in morning numbers.

The *Chief* wants to See You

"Because God or nature put your nose on straight, made your mouth just a little crooked, and took special pains with your hair, eyes, and ankles," Steve had told her, "just for that you expect a lot of attention."

"And I get it," she had retorted.

And always had. Plenty of places. Especially from Steve, beginning with the moment he had first seen her, less than a year ago, on a New Hampshire ski slope. In a ski suit. Trim. Slim.

They had never been introduced. Steve teased her about that sometimes.

"You picked me up—"

"The hell I did! I was picking myself up when you barged in—and picked *me* up."

Steve had. Bettina had been straightening her skis out, powdered like a particularly delectable doughnut, when she had looked up, seen him.

"Damn these skis," she had said. "Maybe I should take lessons."

"Absolutely," he had said. "Take them from me. I majored in skiing at Dartmouth."

She had taken him up on that—and on his suggestion that they sip a hot buttered rum in the Pemi drum room.

"I *hope* I'll do better next time," she had said.

He had already been much in love, but he had still been Steve.

"You couldn't do much worse," he had said.

In exchange for ski lessons and rum, he had gotten her address and telephone number. She lived in New York. Business—Bettina business—had taken Steve there often thereafter. To date up a Bettina who wore evening frocks which suited her even better than ski suits. He took her out, dined and danced with her.

He and a lot of other guys in general, and a guy named Phil Parker in particular. There had been moments when Bettina had had Steve practically frothing with her "But Phil says so-and-so" or "Sorry, but Phil asked me first."

Or, worse still, "But I've known Phil for ages. In fact, I'll probably marry him when I get around to it."

"Marry an interior decorator—when you could marry me?" Steve had said. "You wouldn't do that. You've got brains. You realize a glamour boy like Phil is all right in his place, but you wouldn't want him around the house."

But he hadn't been too sure about that. Phil was the sort the gals fall for—as good at the rumba as Steve was on skis.

"Night clubs are right down his alley," Steve had admitted. "But come up and see my alleys."

"What are you trying to do, wear me down?"

"Inch by inch. But you really should see Leichester. It's not only your future home but a swell place. Besides, my father grows roses and I want to show you to them."

"You never made *that* one up—"

"I stole it," he had admitted, unabashed. "But that's all right; I'd rob a bank for you."

"I'd like to see the business you're supposed to run—it must run itself."

In the end she yielded. Saw Leichester, Steve's sports shop.

"Goodness, does it all belong to you?" she had asked.

"No; it belongs to the bank—but my father is the bank, so what of it?"

He had shown her the town. As if he owned it, and why not? The Allertons practically did, and he was his father's only son. The Country Club, built in the golden '20s, had surprised her, as did some of the houses the local mill owners had built for themselves during the same period.

"How come you run a sports shop instead of working in your father's bank?"

"I let my father run the bank so he can finance the shop. I like hunting and fishing, and banks give me claustrophobia."

"Oh—I thought you were going to say you liked hunting and fishing and me," she had said.

He had looked at her. They had been in the little house he had hoped she might fall for. A March day, bright and windy, with Bettina glowing in her brief fur coat. And she had looked at him and her lips had parted and—

☆ BETTINA'S father had been surprised but not unco-operative. "I thought it would be Parker, but I might have known Bettina would fool me," he had said. "I suppose you realize she's spoiled; I've never been able to housebreak her. Have a drink?"

They had had two. Steve had needed them when Bettina's mother began needling him.

"I can't see Bettina happy in Leichester," she had told Steve.

Making Leichester sound like what it had been when Indians passed in single file along the path that was now Elm Street. But what the heck? Steve wasn't trying to sell Leichester to Bettina's mother.

"Bettina has always had so much attention," she had added.

"That's all right," Steve had retorted, with the grin that had toppled Bettina out of the family tree at what seemed to him long last. "I expect to give her plenty myself."

They had been married in June. The Bettina he had proposed to in ski suits, dinner frocks, skating skirt, became a Bettina familiar in morning numbers, swim suits, slacks, nothing at all.

Bettina in Leichester. Bettina in his eyes, his hair, his heart. More than he could ever tell her. Dartmouth had made a good skier out of him, but no poet.

The best he could manage was things like "You know, you remind me of a bird dog. They take a lot of training, but when they're trained you've got something."

Something more than he could put into words when he had kissed her good-by, to go hunting; or now, as he came back to Leichester, to home, to Bettina. Hoping, as he glimpsed Elm Street stretching effulgently ahead, that he had made it clear that, though he loved her to death, he was one of those guys who must get out his guns and go hunting now and then.

Hoping all that—but not too hopefully.

Bettina had looked at him and said, "You mean a man *has* to go hunting? Why?"

"You wouldn't understand it. A woman can't. But man was the hunter in the beginning. The woman stayed home in the cave—"

(*Continued on page 36*)

READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

IN TWO PARTS—PART ONE

The Police Look at Ba

BY HELEN WORDEN AND EDWARD DOHER

☆ THERE are two paths open to the unmarried expectant mother. And either is hard and cruel.

Uncounted, unorganized, undisciplined, frightened armies of American girls and women travel these paths each year—paths that lead to disgrace, to ostracism, and to death.

Most any policeman in most any American city will confirm these statements; and, it's interesting to note, the police of many cities have recently started various proceedings intended to help unfortunate women.

Abortion centers have been raided and closed. Racketeering baby farms have been investigated and some of their operators sent to jail. A wider field of protection has been opened.

This series, which will discuss many of the dangers faced by women in unhallowed pregnancy, is published by Liberty as a warning to society—a warning that may save the lives of thousands of women and that may induce society to greater efforts in behalf of women.

Thelma is one of the million or so who chose what she thought the easier path—getting rid of her unborn child. Or at least, that's what she expected to do. The story of her ordeal is true, though her name is fictional.

Thelma was a hungry girl looking for a job. She encountered a middle-aged employer who said he might give her work if she'd be nice to him. She was too desperate and too weak from hunger to argue.

She was not given a job. She found no real affection. The only fruits of her sin were a few dollars now and then—and the prospect of motherhood.

"You must have an abortion," the man said.

And Thelma agreed.

The man took her into Westchester County, ostensibly to see a doctor. But he had no intention of letting any medical man—or anybody else—know what he had done. As they walked through a lonely bit of country he turned on the girl and beat her savagely, then, believing her dead or dying, bound her and left her.

The man is under arrest. Thelma is in a hospital. She will live, and she will be properly cared for. She will be cared for only because the piteous secret she hugged so tightly to her came, in spite of her, to the attention of the proper authorities.

She is thankful for many things, especially that she did not have to submit to an illegal operation. She might have recovered, she realizes. She might have been injured for life. Or she might have died—as approximately 100,000 others died last year.

Thelma wasn't a New York girl. She had come to the city from a small town. She didn't know that there are scores of religious organizations, Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish, that would have cared for her gladly. Nor did she know that the City of New York would have held out its arms and its purse to her without hesitation.

But Vera's case was different.

Vera was born and reared in New York. She knew all about the city's great heart and all about its many charitable institutions. But she had her own ideas about charity—and would have none of it.

"To hell with them!" she said. "I wasn't going to have a lot of pious old hens clucking over me and asking me a lot of questions. I wasn't going to have anything to do with them."

Poor ignorant too-wise Vera! We found her in a foster home in upper Manhattan which is recommended by a Protestant charity.

"But if you avoided the charities and the New York officials," we asked, "how did you find this place?"

She told us her story.

When she made up her mind to give life to her child, and not death, she went to the advertising columns of the newspapers for help.

"I looked under the Children Boarded notices," she said. "There are lots of them every day. And I found one that went like this:

" 'Doctor's supervision. Infants cared for from birth. Home atmosphere. Reasonable.'

"The place was in the Bronx. One night I went up and punched the bell.

"There was a doctor there and he seemed all right. I told him I could pay him five dollars a week every week before the baby came; but afterward I probably couldn't pay him anything until I got a job."

" 'We won't worry about that,' he said, and slipped me a paper to sign. I thought it was the agreement—the five a week I'd promised to pay. I signed a phony name, and there I was.

"There were six other girls in the place. One, named Gertie, was even bitterer than I was; she wanted to give her baby away. She cursed it for ruining her life. She didn't even want to see it. But when the nurse put it in her arms—say, the bitterness melted in a moment. I guess there's no room for bitterness in any woman's heart, once a baby fills it. Babies are so wonderful!"

We suspected what was coming.

"How long did they let her keep the baby?" Miss Worden asked.

"A week—just one week. I can still hear her screaming for it. When she found out the baby was gone, given away for adoption, she couldn't quit screaming."

"She had signed a paper, just as you did," Miss Worden said. "She didn't know it, but that was a release, giving the doctor permission to dispose of the child."

"Yes. Is that so common? Does everybody know about it—everybody except the girls who sign?"

"It's common enough," Miss Worden said. "You got away?"

"Yes, I got away. But first I went to see the doctor, and asked him if I'd signed the same sort of paper Gertie had. I made out as though I didn't

arms

A vivid, revealing series about girls in trouble and what's being done for them

particularly care, just wanted to know.

" 'Yes,' he said. 'Of course. This isn't a charity institution, you know. We couldn't afford to keep girls here for anything like five dollars a week. So we require our young women to sign over their children. Then we arrange to have the child adopted. That's not only a blessing for the mother but for the child—and for the foster parents too. There are a lot of people eager to adopt new-born infants. When we can oblige them—'

"He was going on like that, but I had to get my two cents in. I asked him how much he got for a baby.

" 'Only the expenses incurred by the mother while here,' he said. But I could tell he was lying."

"Babies," said Miss Worden, "are sold for anywhere from one hundred to a thousand dollars—whatever the doctor thinks he can get."

"I wasn't going to sell mine for any money," Vera said, "but I let on that it was O. K. with me. The doc said I was a very sensible girl.

"Well, I got out of there the first minute I could," she went on. "And I worked. I worked until a week before the baby came. Scrubbing floors. Washing dishes. Carrying pails of slop down three flights of stairs. I thought I'd die. I hoped sometimes I would.

"One day I read about a girl walking out of a foster home and leaving her six-month-old baby behind her. And I read how the woman who ran the foster home—Mrs. M.—wanted to keep the baby.

"Gee, I thought, that woman must be O. K. So I came sneaking up here to see Mrs. M. She looked all right to me, so I broke down and told her everything. And you know what she said? She just said, 'You poor kid'; and I boohooed like a little girl.

"So here I am, and there's my baby in the next room. And when I'm well enough, I'm going back to work. And Mrs. M. will take care of the baby while I'm downtown. Mrs. M. loves my Jimmy almost as much as I do. And you know why? She told me. She was a doorstep baby herself."

"If you had it to do all over," Doherty said, "would you again snub the charities and go it alone?"

"Not me. I was a fool. Suppose I'd never met Mrs. M.! Both of us, Jimmy and I, would have ended up in the river. I couldn't have held out much longer, working that way."

We didn't have the heart to tell Vera that if she had applied to the Church Mission of Help she might have met Mrs. M. months before she did; for Mrs. M. is one of those highly recommended by the Mission.

She would likewise have been saved much suffering had she applied to the New York City Department of Health, or the Department of Welfare, or the Children's Aid Society, the Jewish Guardians, the Catholic Charities, or any other similar organization.

She would have been asked her name, the name of her parents and their address. And she might have been asked about her financial circumstances. Nothing else. Her answers would be kept confidential. Her parents would not be notified against her will. There would have been no sermons, no lectures, no scoldings.

If she could pay something, good; if not, it wouldn't matter. In a short time she would have found herself in a clean, airy, well lighted, cheerful prenatal home or hospital. She would have had good doctors and nurses to care for her. She would have had every comfort modern medical science has devised for expectant mothers.

Later, if she had decided to keep the baby, a good boarding home would have been found for her, and means devised to help her pay the small charge—about six dollars a week.

There are between 6,000 and 7,000 boarding homes, or foster homes, or baby farms—call them what you will—in New York. In the United States there are perhaps 100,000 or more.

Five hundred of these, licensed by the New York Board of Health, are run independently. More than 6,000 are affiliated with charitable institutions, are inspected by them, and are recommended by them. And hundreds are unlicensed, unvisited by officials, unknown to charities, and unrecommended by any authorities.

Although there is quite a bit of "racketeering" on the part of many proprietors, baby farms are necessary to the welfare of infants and the needs of mothers. Social workers say that a baby must have individual attention, the care of a woman, have affection, clean surroundings, sunshine, constant supervision—essentials to be found only in the better type of foster home.

Mrs. Crystal Potter of the New York Department of Welfare—her official title is Acting Director, Division of Dependent Children—handles more than 1,000 girls like Vera every year at welfare headquarters, 902 Broadway.

The majority, she says, are unwed young women, clerks, stenographers, servants, waitresses, and other workers in the lower-pay ranks. Few of them tell her the truth at first. But after she has gained their confidence and made them feel she is there not to judge but to help, they talk freely.

"For instance," Mrs. Potter told us, "a girl came in the other day and said she had a ten-day-old baby that belonged to her sister. I knew by her attitude that this was untrue, but I didn't say anything.

"She said her sister didn't want the baby, and asked if I would give it to some couple that would adopt it.

"The girl was so excited I didn't attempt to question her further. I took the baby from her and asked her to come back in a few days—and tell me then if her sister still wanted to give her baby away.

"She came the next day, weeping.

" 'My baby,' she said. 'Where's my baby?'

" 'He's still here,' I said. 'Don't be alarmed.'

" 'Oh, thank God!' she said. 'I lied to you about him. I haven't any sister. The baby's mine. And I want to keep him. Maybe you can find me a place to board him until I get work. Will you do that?'

"She went out of here radiant."

Every day three or four girls come slyly into Mrs. Potter's office and look at her with hard defiant eyes. And every day three or four girls find help.

New York City allows the agencies one dollar and fifteen cents a day for babies, and one dollar a day for the mothers until the babies are six months old. It also furnishes girls with three months' care before their confinement.

While most of New York's baby farms—and no doubt those in other parts of the United States—are decently run and comparatively inexpensive, there are many that should be put out of business and whose owners should be thrown into jail.

Next week the authors will reveal how the wrong kind of baby farms operate.

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

Houses I Have Haunte

☆ BEING a bogeyman—like baggage smashing and truck driving—is apt to be a rather exhausting occupation. I know, because I've tried all three. On the whole, I think I would prefer truck driving to house haunting were it not for the fact that my current job is apt to be more remunerative. And, of course, you meet the most interesting werewolves!

Nevertheless the Hollywood horror man runs into numerous occupational hazards that have nothing to do with the hours of work or the risks run in actual performance.

There is, for example, one's social life to consider. Although Hollywood actors have long since come to realize that their private lives are every one's concern but their own, they have at least the comfort of knowing that their public is certain to be reasonably well disposed toward them. Not so in my case.

For, no matter how pleasant the company in which I find myself, there is always that awkward moment when newcomers become aware of the fact that the quiet, soft-spoken man in the corner is actually Boris Karloff. (The more horrific my current role, the more I tend to modulate my voice off duty.) Nor are hostesses ever quite sure upon what I feed myself while other guests are sipping their whisky-and-sodas.

According to the popular impression, my hostesses regard me variously as a zombie, a ghoul, an ogre, a vampire, and a monster.

As a result, they become convinced that a typical dinner for Karloff should consist of (*a*) one steaming witch's potion, (*b*) one piece of red raw meat ripped from a live and struggling anatomy, (*c*) one soothing bowl of fresh blood. But, whatever the jest with which hostesses try to pass off their uneasiness, I am often aware that they look upon me with about the same degree of trust and confidence as they would upon a cobra de capello!

Acquaintances, asking me to their summer homes, fill their medicine cabinets with such niceties as arsenic, old daggers, strychnine, cyanide, and ground glass—somehow feeling that this will make me happy.

Why, even Russel Crouse, co-producer of Arsenic and Old Lace, a veteran newspaperman who will draw to an open straight without blanching, admits that he spent two weeks shuffling around Hollywood before he could screw up sufficient courage to approach me about playing the role of Jonathan Brewster in the Joseph Kesselring comedy.

Nor do I find New Yorkers accepting me with any greater degree of self-assurance than their cousins on the Coast. Even my fellow commuters from South Norwalk, Connecticut, whose composure is shaken neither by missed trains nor by grand-slam bids, are apt to be taken aback on first discovering that the timid gargoyle in the next seat is Boris Karloff.

For all these reactions I have naturally no one but myself to blame. For years now I have been haunting houses—motion-picture houses—ever since I first strode on the screen in full horrifying armor as the Monster of Frankenstein.

Guilty must I plead likewise to supplying the goose pimples in such pictures as The Mummy, The Mask of Fu Manchu, The Ghoul, The Black Room, The Raven, Devil's Island, The Man They Could Not Hang, The Man with Nine Lives, and The Devil Commands, each with its full complement of shudders.

Nor is my present Broadway role calculated to inspire confidence in the New York playgoer, to persuade such widows and orphans as attend the Fulton Theater to entrust me with the management of their estates. True, Arsenic and Old Lace tends to spoof the more serious-minded of the horror films. Yet, all the same, I find myself playing a murderer of considerable distinction, while my fellow players garner the lion's portion of the laughs. If that all sounds rather sinister, I might add that the author makes a good deal of fun of Jonathan Brewster, but that does not prevent the role from being reasonably grim and gruesome.

Typical of the embarrassment attendant upon my sort of career was an incident that occurred shortly after the filming of Frankenstein. Mrs. Karloff and I had gone up to San Francisco to visit one of her school friends. To our surprise, we found that Frankenstein, which we had not yet seen, was playing across the bay, in Oakland. What could be more natural than to invite our friend to a performance?

I had, of course, seen rushes of the picture, but never a connected version, and as the film progressed I was amazed at the hold it was taking upon the audience. At the same time I couldn't help wondering how my own performance would weather all the build-up.

I was soon to know.

Suddenly, out of the eerie darkness and gloom, there swept on the screen, about eight sizes larger than life itself, the chilling horrendous figure of me as the Monster!

And, just as suddenly, there crashed out over the general stillness the stage whisper of my wife's friend. Covering her eyes, gripping my wife by the shoulder, she screamed:

"Dot, how can you live with *that* creature?"

I was really surprised on arriving in New York to find people quite as apt to stare at me on the street as in Hollywood. Even in the theatrical hotel at which I first registered I seemed to attract more than what I consider my share of attention.

But actually not every one cringes in horror at my approach. On the contrary, I have encountered an amazing amount of sympathy and understanding for parts that seemed to me fairly loathsome. Yet there is always a touch of wonder that I am not given to eating eight or nine orphans for breakfast. People are inclined to take somewhat the attitude of the famous Marquise du Deffand. Once, during the course of a conversation, some one asked her:

"My dear madame, do you believe in ghosts?"

And she smiled sagely and replied, "No—but I'm afraid of them!"

Speaking of ghost stories, my presence at any gathering seems to be all that is needed to inspire an endless flood of them. Even when I returned to England five years ago, I found myself listening to an entire evening of such tales in my home town of Dulwich.

One of the most famous of all English ghost stories—which may perhaps be less familiar to American readers—was told again that night. It concerned Harriet Westbrook, unhappy wife of the poet Shelley, who drowned herself more than a century ago in the Serpentine, the famous sheet of water that winds through Hyde Park.

One day, just before the first World War, two elderly English ladies were taking a stroll through the park. It was a chilly, windy afternoon in early autumn. The park was almost deserted. As the ladies paused at the bank of the Serpentine, they noticed a series of curious ripples on the water,

A monster and murderer tells all . . Secret: He's really a very mild man!

BY BORIS KARLOFF

which caused them to wonder, for they knew there were no fish in the Serpentine.

As they watched the ripples, fascinated, a hand suddenly pierced the surface of the water—a human hand, thin and white, a woman's hand! It clutched frantically, desperately, at the air. It clutched like the hand of a drowning person. It then disappeared again under the surface of the water.

But on the middle finger of the hand, both elderly ladies had seen a heavy gold ring, flashy and bright against the drabness of the bleak afternoon.

The two old ladies were dumfounded, petrified in their tracks, for they knew, as all London knew, that according to history Harriet Westbrook Shelley drowned wearing such a ring—a century ago!

By way of a leavening note, I might add that the only time I really enjoyed playing the Monster was at the last annual charity baseball game in Hollywood between a team of comedians and a team of leading men. I strode up to the plate for the occasion in my full make-up as Frankenstein's Monster—whereupon Buster Keaton, who was catching for the comedians, promptly shrieked at the sight of me, did a backward somersault, and passed out cold behind the plate.

I waved my bat. The pitcher tossed the ball in my direction, and I swung at it as best I could, encumbered as I was with the Monster's metallic overalls. Luckily enough, I managed to tap the ball, which bounced crazily in the general direction of the pitcher's box. It should have been an easy out at first. But as I approached each base the opposing player fainted dead away. And the Three Stooges, who were playing second, all passed out cold. It was a home run—though horrible!

But I can't possibly take leave of you without one last plea for my personal character. I am a normal and quiet soul. My wife will tell you gladly of the time we had guests in the house and the radio blared forth the report of a murderous lunatic who had broken loose and was in the vicinity of our neighborhood. The radio suggested the forming of a neighborhood posse. Well, one of my guests rose and said:

"Karloff, let's take a quick drink before going out after that murderer."

They all went to the bar and drank—except me.

"Have a drink, Karloff," my friend insisted.

But I wasn't in the mood. "No thanks, not me," I replied. "It gives me too much courage!"

All of which, the reader may surmise, is offered in substantiation of the argument that I am really a mild and harmless sort of fellow who likes his coffee warm and his fruit juice cold; who enjoys nothing more than puttering around his garden or lying in the sun and reading Joseph Conrad. Which, as a matter of fact, happens to be true, as I could illustrate from now to the last page of Liberty.

And, just to prove that I am not alone in this conviction, I might add that the producers of Arsenic and Old Lace thought it might serve to promote the cause of good will during our Baltimore tryout if I appeared as Santa Claus at a Baltimore party for crippled children. Which I did, successfully!

And on a recent radio program I managed to get away with one of the sweetest and most sentimental scenes of Smilin' Through!

But, of course, such performances are as unusual as they are gratifying to a professional horror man. On the whole, I suspect that I am likely to spend the rest of my career as a purveyor of the macabre, constantly adding to the perils of life on the screen.

Actually, my life is nowhere near as bleak as I like to make it sound. For every correspondent who writes that my last picture kept her awake all night (obviously an exaggeration intended as flattery) there are a dozen tending from curiosity to sympathy. Whoever said that nobody loves a zombie has never peeked into my fan mail! Even the children who write seem to understand the motivation behind my misdeeds, a motivation that occasionally eludes me.

On the whole, I have no complaints to make about the roles in which I have appeared. Even Jonathan Brewster of Arsenic and Old Lace has his good points. He is almost kind to his maiden aunts—up to the moment where he finds they have beaten him at his own game of homicide.

From what I have confessed in this article, you must realize at long last that, despite the movie houses I haunted, I am not a vicious ghoul.

In fact, I'll let you in on a tremendous secret. When I opened on Broadway early this year in my second legit play in two decades, when my shadow fell upon the door and I, the murderer of twelve persons, walked out upon the stage—all the man-sized frightening was done not by Boris Karloff but by the audience.

Because, for all the houses I have haunted, on that opening night, while every one else was feeling fine, I, Boris Karloff, was absolutely and positively *scared stiff!*

THE END

READING TIME • 30 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

Breath of Life

☆ DR. THERON LEWIS, on a visit to his stepmother in the north-country farmhouse where he was born, performs a Caesarian operation on a woman who has died in childbirth and saves the child. Working without proper instruments in the bedroom of a farmhouse, his skill arouses the admiration of old Dr. Barton, to whom Ron owes a great deal, and of Dr. Barton's granddaughter, Jenny, a young and pretty trained nurse. Ron tells Jenny that if ever she wants to work in a New York hospital, to let him know and he will help her get a job.

Mamie Lewis, Ron's stepmother, is disappointed, as is Dr. Barton, that the young man is not going to practice among his own people. But both understand that his opportunity to act as assistant to Dr. Allen, a famous New York obstetrician, is too good to be missed. Ron has a double reason for wanting to go back to New York. Besides admiring Allen, he is in love with the doctor's daughter, Lydia.

PART TWO—THE SHADOW OF A TRIANGLE

☆ NEW YORK was a furnace. But the heat did not penetrate Dr. Elwood Allen's Park Avenue air-conditioned offices. Shades were drawn; they filtered cool green light, an illusion of running water. Fresh flowers, not heavily scented, made little pools of pastel color in the reception room and on the doctor's desk.

His secretary, Mrs. Petersen, moved about without haste, trim in navy and white, her gray hair cut close to a shapely head. His nurse, Miss Garron, forty-odd and attractive, was crisp as lettuce in her uniform.

Allen sat behind his desk and contemplated Ron Lewis, smiling.

"You're brown," he commented, "and a pound or two heavier."

"Sun," Ron agreed, "and hours spent on the river. . . . As for the weight, that's Mamie's cooking."

"Mamie?"

"My stepmother."

"Oh, yes, I remember. Did you find her well?"

"Very, thanks."

"How you could endure to return to work, in this weather--"

Ron said ruefully, "It must be a habit. I hadn't been there three days before I was champing at the bit." He looked up, smiling. "At that," he added, "I found myself doing a job . . . busman's holiday."

"What sort of job?"

Ron told him about Lily Treat. Allen's sensitive, clever face grew grave. He said, "Poor girl!" He leaned back, fitting the tips of his long, spatulate fingers together. "It's a situation I have encountered too many times. And nine times out of ten the husband refused to have anything to do with the child."

"I know," said Ron. He added, "When I left, Treat had somewhat adjusted himself. His mother-in-law is remaining to look after the boy. Healthy kid, by the way, with every right to his chance."

"Of course. . . . It's good to have you back. Your office is ready for you," said Allen, "and so am I."

He rose, a short slender man, with a massive head too large for his body, and pure white hair. His face was controlled and aesthetic, his dark eyes extraordinarily young and alive. He took Ron into the smaller adjoining room, cool like the others, and well equipped.

Ron said, looking around, "Makes anything I can say inadequate; but you know how I feel, sir."

"You rate your own quarters," said Allen, "and eventually you'll have your own patients." He sat down at the desk abruptly. He said, "It isn't very common practice for an obstetrician to take on an assistant. But it's either that for me—or give up. Or so Tatum told me. We were classmates at Cornell and Hopkins. I'm forced to take his word."

Tatum was the best heart man in the East. Ron nodded, his face concerned. Allen laughed, tracing pencil circles on the new blotter.

"Don't look like that," he advised. "I'll last . . . thanks to you. Have you found living quarters yet?"

Ron nodded. "A little flat," he answered, "which isn't much more than around the corner—beyond Lexington. A walk-up, but comfortable enough. Used to be a private house."

"Good. By the way, Lydia sent you a message. Will you dine with us tomorrow?"

"I'd like to."

"Lydia," said her father, "is in town only for a few days. Fittings or something. Then she's off again on a round of visits. The Southampton house is open, of course, and I've been

ILLUSTRATOR HY RUBIN

She put her arm about him and kissed his cheek.

getting down occasional week-ends."

He rose. "Let's go back to my office," he suggested, "and talk things over . . . I haven't an appointment for half an hour or so."

When Ron left the office, it was to make the simple move from his old quarters in the hospital to the new apartment. There wasn't much to move, and Bates, the new resident in obstetrics, had cheerfully put up with the few things Ron had left there when he went north . . . medical books, and the instruments which over a long period he had bought—one at a time, saving to do so, going without. As an interne his salary had been scarcely visible to the naked eye; but as he had not been concerned with outside activities and the expensive courtship of young women, he had not minded. As resident his salary had been substantially increased and he had managed to save for the things he wanted. Of course Lydia came high . . . dinner now and then, flowers, taxis. Still, as resident he had been able to afford that.

Now his status was changed. Allen's financial arrangement with him was liberal. He could save, he thought happily, buy the things he needed, and send Mamie money.

It would take time to fit in as Allen's assistant. Many of Allen's patients would resent him, at least at first. That was natural. When you wanted Allen you didn't want a young whippersnapper with no reputation—beyond the delivery room of Lister Memorial—in his place. But little by little he could ease himself into the work, the outlines of which were clear enough.

He would assist Allen in the delivery room. He would call on patients after their return home. He would make the rounds with Allen and sometimes for him, and take over gradually much of the clinical work and the night calls. Many of the night calls were false alarms induced by too much dinner, a thunderstorm, a fit of nerves. It would be up to him to diagnose which were false and which true, whether Allen should be called.

Not all the women who came to Allen were in a position to pay large sums for prenatal care and delivery. Many were in moderate circumstances. Allen never refused them. His fee was scaled down to circum-

FAITH BALDWIN'S

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stances. Lydia Allen had more than once been voluble on the subject. She was again on the following evening when she, her father, her aunt, Mrs. Oland, and Ron dined together in the Allen apartment overlooking the reservoir.

Candles flickered on the table, which was of heavy glass, a strange marine green. The room was filled with the tall rosy spikes of gladioli. The manservant moved softly, bringing the cool delectable courses: iced melons permeated with wine, Vichysoisse, smooth, cold, and creamy, cold salmon in a ring of cucumber aspic, squab, soufflé potatoes, green peas, salad and mousse and coffee.

Lydia wore a linen frock cut like a sports dress, with a shirtwaist bodice and a full long skirt. It was the pale color of the cucumbers, and emeralds were green against her small flat ears and on her wrists. She had combed her fair hair up from her neck and it fell in carefully careless curls on top of her small head.

"Am I glad you're back!" she said. "Perhaps dad will behave himself now."

"In what way?" inquired her father, eating very little, "have I misbehaved?"

"You know," said Lydia, and her aunt, a large powdered woman with black eyes like currants in her dough-like face, nodded severely.

"Elwood," she commented, "has always overworked. There's no reason why at his age he cannot retire."

"I'm here," said her brother mildly, "although the manner in which you discuss me would lead an innocent bystander to believe me miles away. As for retiring . . . nonsense! Not until I have to."

"Which won't be for many years, thank heaven," said Ron.

Allen grinned at him cheerfully. "Looks as if I had found myself a champion," he said; "and I need one."

☆ BUT later Lydia drew Ron aside. She said, "Come into my special hide-out with me, will you? Aunt Sammy and dad have things to discuss. She's all upset about the administration and the vanishing dividend. She seems to think that dad can do something about it."

Her hide-out was a little room off the drawing room proper, between it and the library. It looked high out over the park and was cool in its summer dress of delicately colored chintz. There were deep chairs before an empty fireplace, a toy of a desk, and a big comfortable couch heaped with pillows.

"First," said Lydia, "the after-dinner shot in the arm."

She rang for service, and obtained it: ice, glasses, bottles.

"Say when?"

Ron shook his head. "Too hot," he said.

"Nonsense!"

"Can't," he said briefly. "Sorry."

"You don't look it—you look disapproving."

"I don't mean to, Lydia."

"But you do. You have such an open face!" She splashed whisky into her glass, a little soda, turned the glass in her hand, tinkling the ice. "Light me a cigarette, do," she said. "There at your elbow in the crystal box."

Ron gave her the cigarette and held the lighter. He said, "You smoke too much . . . all through dinner, I noticed."

"O. K., gramp," she said, unruffled. "And I suppose I drink too much too?"

"I wish you wouldn't."

"Two cocktails," she said, "wine with dinner—very light Sauterne—and now this. I'm abstemious really."

He said gravely, "You don't need it. You have vitality enough for two."

She said, shrugging, "Maybe you're right. Maybe if I had you around enough I'd stop. It's just habit and being so dreadfully bored most of the time. Do you know I came up only to see you? My fittings were an excuse; they have a model of me in the workrooms. But I've missed you, Ron."

He asked gravely, "Have you, Lydia? Or is this just one of your come-on remarks?"

"Come-on?" She widened her eyes at him. "What do you mean?"

"I think you know. A careless sentence thrown out . . . like a straw to a drowning man . . . when he clutches it, it disintegrates and he drowns anyway."

☆ "WHAT a monster you think me!" She leaned toward him, her eyes caressing. "You don't know how glad I am to see you. Tell me about your holiday."

He said obediently, "There isn't much. I went up to the farm—"

"Yours?"

"My stepmother's for the duration of her life."

"I suppose," said Lydia, "she's a horrible old thing. I've always been leery of stepmothers. My mother died when I was fourteen. I've watched dad like a hawk ever since. I've often been worried—he's had some pretty narrow escapes. There was a widow five years ago. Too good-looking. I had a sinking spell or something."

"Sinking spell?"

"Well, I needed attention," she said, laughing. "You know—pale, listless, and couldn't sleep. I gave dad plenty to worry about. The widow got tired waiting, went to Europe—and picked herself a title."

"You're a very unpleasant girl."

The moment he spoke he was sorry. His face confessed it, and Lydia laughed. He thought, I shouldn't have said that, and what's more, I didn't mean it. She doesn't mean it, either. She thinks of herself as hard-boiled. She seems as brittle as glass. And she's so terribly lonely. After all, her mother died at a time when she needed her most, her father's always been too busy to be with her much, and as for her friends—I wonder if she has any friends really? Under that thin veneer there's a real person, warm and sweet and lonely, he thought—with compassion, with an exquisite tenderness; a person you would love forever, once she surrendered to you.

Lydia was speaking; he heard her through his preoccupation. "What are you thinking about? You're a million miles away," she was saying.

"No," he told her. "I'm here, thinking of you."

"Of an unpleasant girl?"

"I'm sorry," he said.

"Don't be; it's true," she admitted. "But you like me, don't you? Or don't you?"

"Too much," said Ron shortly. "I don't know why. I disapprove of you—"

☆ "THAT'S all right," Lydia said; "I like it that way. I'm fed up with people who approve of me—with yes men . . . who expect me to be a yes woman."

"When my father remarried," said Ron slowly, "I hated it more than I can say. I was just a kid. It didn't take me many years to learn that it was one of the best things that ever happened to him."

"I couldn't feel that way," said Lydia. "I've had my eyes on Miss Garron for ages. She's in love with dad, of course, but she doesn't know it, I expect. He doesn't, at any rate."

Ron said carefully, "But you'll marry . . ."

"I suppose so," she said; "what of it?"

"Then why begrudge—"

"That's different," said Lydia. She thought, My poor dear, what could lead you to believe that I would ever willingly share my father and his income with any woman? She added, "Go on, tell me about your trip. I suppose you've a girl back home. Probably went to school with her, hay rides, ice skating, choir singing, all that sort of thing."

Ron shook his head. "Not even a vestige of a girl," he said.

"Come, come," she said, setting down her glass. "You don't expect me to believe that!"

"Whether you believe it or not, it's true. I hadn't time . . . I was too busy getting an education."

"And I thought," she said, laughing, "that some one was waiting for you under the shade trees, complete with cows and a sunbonnet."

He said, slightly irritated, "You were wrong."

"No sentimental pilgrimage, then, to the home of an old love now growing plump, three children, and a husband selling insurance? Ron, you can't tell me that you didn't lay eyes on a female—your stepmother hardly counts—while you were away?"

He said, his momentary annoyance passing, "There was Mrs. Roberts, in the kitchen. She's fat and fifty. Oh, and yes," he said, thinking of Jenny for the first time in several days, "there was a girl—"

"I thought so." She frowned a little. "Pretty?"

"Very."

"Dark or fair?"

"Dark." He was enjoying himself.

"And—?"

"And nothing," he answered. "You *are* persistent, aren't you? Fine girl, very good nurse. I hope she'll let me get her a job here in town some day. She's the granddaughter of our old family doctor—the man to whom I owe as much as I owe to any man except my father and now, of course, yours."

"Well," said Lydia. "A nurse. . . . Well, in my experience, they can be pretty damned dangerous."

"They never were to me," said Ron soberly. "And I've known a lot. A finer group of women doesn't exist. Oh, there are the renegades and the cowards and the shirkers among them, but by and large—my hat's off," he said. "You can't have the remotest idea of the godsend a good nurse can be to a kid fresh out of medical school and not dry behind the ears. . . . I remember my first months at Lister, the ribbing I took and the practical unobtrusive help I had . . ."

"Sex," said Lydia—"I suppose it didn't rear its ugly head?"

"Now and then," Ron admitted, smiling. "I fell in and out of love a couple of times. But I hadn't the—élan, let's say, of some of the other internes. I couldn't afford to take 'em out, either. And I was always pretty much of a stick, shy and scared."

"You still are," said Lydia, smiling faintly. "But we'll soon cure you. You don't know how—relieved I am to think you are taking over for dad."

"I'd hardly call it that."

"He'll rely on you. When are you coming down to the island?"

He said soberly, "Probably not at all, Lydia, although thanks very much. I hope your father will be able to get away, though. Both of us can't."

"I suppose not." She was silent a moment, and then said: "Dad makes me tired. Why does he persist in doing all this charity work and taking these little two-for-a-nickel budget patients? He has enough work to keep him busy without that. A woman who can't afford the best has no right to demand it. It isn't fair. There are hundreds of other doctors."

"That's been argued before," said Ron, "and there's something in it, I expect. But your father doesn't happen to feel that way."

"And you don't either?"

"No," he said, "I don't."

☆ "WHAT a pair!" She reached for the ice, withdrew her hand, and smiled at him. "You'd rather I wouldn't?" she asked.

"I wish you wouldn't," he said gravely.

"Very well, then, I won't." She rose. "Come along. The big financial talk must be over by now," she said, "and Aunt Sammy will want a game of contract. Dad will, too; he loves it."

Ron hesitated. He said, "I'm not very good—"

"I'm wonderful! With me as a partner, no one will notice your deficiencies, and I'll even kick you under the table."

He said uncomfortably, "I can't afford stakes."

"Aunt Sammy," said her niece, "has most of the money in the world, and she plays for a tenth of a cent and screams like a wounded doe if she loses a rubber. Come on." She tugged at his arm. "After all," she added, "it's a family game, and you're one of the family now."

☆ SUMMER dragged along, and then it was autumn and Manhattan put on her gayest bib and tucker. The sun was mellow and kind, the wind cool and exhilarating. The shop windows bloomed, and people took to walking to work and whistling as they walked.

Ron Lewis had been very busy. He could tell by Mrs. Petersen's attitude and by Miss Garron's that he was fitting in. They had been kind and helpful from the first, yet wary, as if they were waiting for him to make a slip. They guarded Allen, he realized, amused, with the savage tenacity of good watchdogs. But, so far, he had made no error; he had trod carefully and worked hard.

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Two of Allen's new patients had been turned over to him: a radio singer in the first year of her marriage, and the secretary of one of the best known men in Wall Street. The radio singer, having been sent Allen by one of her more affluent confreres, was patently relieved to put herself in Ron's hands. She said, "Confidentially, I'm terrified of big men." And the secretary, while a little annoyed at first, was soon amenable. They were good, co-operative patients.

Ron made rounds with Allen, and for him during any absence. He had some night calls, the usual type. He had two that were not as usual—one woman who showed every evidence of losing her baby, and another with a kidney condition as sudden. On each occasion Allen was on Long Island and it was up to Ron to use his own skill and judgment—which he did, very successfully.

He was amazed, one day toward the end of October, to have Mrs. Petersen announce a patient for him . . . a Mrs. Rippen.

"For me?"

"She asked for you . . ."

"You don't know her?"

"I never saw her before."

He said, "Let her come in, Mrs. Petersen."

She was a tall, well built young woman in her late twenties. She wore sables carelessly and a tailored suit. She was beautifully made up. She sat down beside the desk and smiled at him.

She said, "I've heard of you, Dr. Lewis. I'm not going to do the customary beating about the bush. I know Dr. Allen wouldn't be interested; he couldn't afford to be. But you are younger, you are his assistant, and you might—"

He said, "I haven't my own practice, Mrs. Rippen."

"You misunderstand me. I didn't mean afford in terms of money. Your price doesn't interest me." She added calmly: "I'll be perfectly honest with you. I am unmarried. I'm going to have a baby . . . which is very careless of me. The baby's father is a very well known man. He can't marry me because his wife won't give him a divorce. We—have been very discreet for about eight years. I have a job, because it looks better. My job sends me to Europe, to South America. So does his. . . . We have been happy for a long time; we intend to go on being happy. But it is out of the question for me to have this child."

☆ HE said, "I see. I appreciate your circumstances, and I can do nothing for you."

"Aren't you being a little hasty?" she asked. "Have you forgotten that price is no object? Five thousand dollars is a lot of money, doctor. I'm prepared to—"

He rose. He said, "There is no use prolonging this discussion."

Mrs. Rippen sat perfectly still. She took a platinum-and-ruby compact from her alligator bag and powdered her nose. She adjusted her sables. She said, "And you can't advise me?"

"I advise you," he said shortly, "to have your child."

She shrugged. "I suppose I could," she said serenely, "but I'd rather not." She rose. She said, "I'll have to go elsewhere. As a matter of fact, I have an address or two. Will you tell me your fee for consultation?"

"None," said Ron, and went with her to the door. Once there, he stopped her, a hand on her shoulder. He said, "If you reconsider . . . come back, and we will work out some plan. A hospital out of town, perhaps. I know of one upstate, and a very fine old doctor . . ."

She shook her head. "You can't persuade me," she said, "but it's Christian of you to try."

When she had gone, he sat down and wiped his forehead. This wasn't the first time he'd been asked for this sort of help. He preferred the

other kind—the girls who trembled, wept, and wrung their foolish little hands. Not that he could do what they wanted, either. But he had been able to persuade one or two—had even gone to their parents and done what he could to help.

He wasn't sorry for Mrs. Rippen. She could take care of herself, he supposed, and she'd come out of this all right—given good fortune and a careful man. But—

What a waste, he thought angrily. What a hideous waste!

Mrs. Rippen was in glorious good health. If she had a child, it would be a hundred to one that it would be a fine, lusty youngster. But she wouldn't. Yet, down in the tenements, women were going about their hard, unremitting daily duties, old before their time, carrying a fifth or sixth or even tenth child beneath a filthy apron, while those they had borne were screaming underfoot, undernourished, underprivileged.

Well, there were a lot of women like Mrs. Rippen, and most of them didn't have what she believed her excuse. Most of them were respectably, even happily married.

☆ ON Christmas Day, Ron dined with the Allens. Allen had had a sharp attack of flu and had been in bed for over two weeks. During his illness Ron had delivered three of his cases . . . normal deliveries, but he felt that he was working against odds. One woman had said to him, with a wail, "But I had *counted* on Dr. Allen!"

Still, things had gone along very well indeed.

Allen gave him a watch. It was under the big tree, waiting for him. Ron, turning it over in his hands, the thin costly thing, was deeply touched.

"You shouldn't—" he began.

"Indeed I should. Lydia picked it out," he said, smiling. "We hope you like it."

Ron's own offering seemed very trivial. A very old medical book, in good condition, which he had scoured the secondhand bookshops to find in his scant spare time, and which would be a modest addition to Allen's really fine collection; and for Lydia the conventional flowers.

They were alone after dinner. Allen had gone off, protesting, to take the rest his physician insisted upon, and Aunt Sammy was due at an eggnog party. Ron said, "I have to get to the hospital—"

"Just a minute," said Lydia. She stood with him beside the tall and fragrant tree, gay with colored lights and shining ornaments. "I have a present for you—"

"But you've already—"

"That was dad's idea." She went to a table and took a small package, wrapped in red and silver, a sprig of holly thrust through the ribbon. "Here it is."

He took a square box from the wrappings, and from the box a folding leather picture frame, and opened it. Lydia's face looked back at him, the eyes grave, the mouth faintly curved. . . . A casual picture, her hair swept back from her face, curling around her ears, a revealing, molding sweater.

She said, "The photographer said he was disappointed; that a picture taken of a gal in sweater and skirt was hardly glamorous. But I thought you'd rather . . . pretty-up pictures are stupid."

He said slowly, "I don't know what to say. I would rather have this than anything in the world . . ."

"Anything?"

"Except," he said, on a deep breath, "the original."

Lydia took the picture from his hand and tossed it on the table. She put her slender arms around him and lifted her mouth for his kiss. She said, when as in a dream, his heart racing, he had bent to her lips, "That's more like it. You certainly took your time!"

☆ RON said humbly, "I didn't dare, Lydia; I was afraid."

"Of what? The worst I could do was say no, and I might have changed my mind—I often do," she said, laughing. "Come here, sit down. Ron, you're shaking!"

He said, "If you had said no I would never have had the courage to ask again."

"Ask for what?" she demanded. "Must I do all the love-making?"

"For your love, darling," he told her.

She leaned her fair head against his shoulder. She said, "I've been in love with you for ever so long. At first I thought, It won't last; it's just one of those chemical things—or whatever you call it. But it did."

He said, "I've so little to offer."

She sat up and looked at him. She said, "That's crazy. You're father's assistant. One day you'll have his practice."

He said, "I hope it will be many years before that will even be considered. And it isn't on the cards, my dear, that your father's patients would—"

"Nonsense," she said, and added, "I never wanted to marry a doctor—I always swore I wouldn't."

"Why?"

"I hate it! Particularly your kind . . . irregular hours, never knowing if you're home for dinner, if you can go to the opera, having you leave in the middle of a play or a party. Oh, I know—I haven't lived with dad all these years and not realized what I'd be up against. But it can't be helped. Damn!" She put her arms about him and kissed his cheek, her lips cool and curving. "I would have done so much better," she mourned, "with Freddy Netcherfield or Angus—"

"Netcherfield is no good," Ron said. "And as to Angus—is that the lad with the Adam's apple who was up here one night? You were going out with him; I came in to talk over something with your father."

"In person. He has money," she explained, "and Freddy has looks. You, my lamb, have neither. But I love you. And I don't know why! Maybe," she said with her appalling frankness, "it's because you were so hard to get. I knew you were in love with me, but I couldn't—well, that's all over now."

He said, "I love you, Lydia . . . and I'll make you happy. I swear it—"

She said, "That's odd, you know. Because I've never been happy, not really, if by happy you mean peaceful—and content—and complacent. I've been excited and thrilled and—on the top of the world. But not happy. Maybe that's why I love you—and envy you, Ron. You're happy."

"Yes—I wish I could tell you how deeply."

"Your work," she said resentfully, "that's what makes you happy. I've no share in that."

"I've you now," he said. "That means twice as much happiness."

She said, "We'll be married in June."

"Lydia . . . you must realize"—he looked around the apartment, his bright blue eyes grave—"I can't afford this sort of thing. Nothing even remotely like it. I—"

She said, "Don't be silly. We'll live here, with dad, of course."

He shook his head. "We'll have our own home. It won't be here. But that's the way it is."

She opened her little mouth, just touched with rosy color, and then closed it again. She said, smiling, "All right, we won't quarrel about it. And when you get back from the hospital we'll tell dad. . . . Do kiss me, Ron . . . and hold me—very close. I—feel safe when you hold me."

He held her, stroking her hair back from her forehead. He thought, I'll be good to you, Lydia, all the rest of our days. We'll be happy together, you and I and those who will follow. . . . A family, he thought. Stability, something to work for, to cling to, the best incentive for work . . . the basis of courage.

☆ HE tried to tell Dr. Allen something of this when, after his return from the hospital, he came back to the apartment and found him with Lydia in the library. But Allen shook his hand and smiled at him. He said, "You couldn't have given me a finer present."

Later Lydia left them alone for a time, and Allen said gravely, "I've been worried about Lydia." He sighed. "She is all my life, beyond my work. I haven't been able to be with her—much. She's a strange little thing, Ron, all impulse and—then, not impulse. Had her mother lived . . . I have been afraid that she would marry the wrong man. I haven't interfered with her friendships; it hasn't seemed wise. And now she's twenty-seven—no longer a child. But if she had married the wrong man it would have wrecked her. Now I am not only happy; I'm very much relieved. You have been like a son to me these last months . . . I'm very proud of you."

(*Continued on page 57*)

Who-said-it Quiz

HOW MANY OF THESE 40 QUESTIONS CAN YOU ANSWER?

BY DOW RICHARDSON

Grade yourself as follows:

35 correct ..... Excellent
30 correct ..... Good
25 correct ..... Fair
20 correct ..... Passing
Under 20 ..... Failing

1—Who said "The maggot is in the apple" after what fantastic event of 1941?

2—Who described a liberal program for his country as "the New Freedom"?

3—Name the creator of the term, *Lebensraum.*

4—What leader heralded a time when there would be "two cars in every garage"?

5—Can you identify the author of the phrase, "a typical prairie state"?

6—Who wanted to "get the boys out of the trenches before Christmas"?

7—A handsome American once expressed a desire for a return to "normalcy." What was his name and what were the circumstances?

8—Who coined the phrase, "the Forgotten Man"?

9—Name the author of the expression, "a labor-baiting, whisky-drinking, poker-playing, evil old man."

10—Who threatened to "crack down" on employers for not complying with national codes designed to produce recovery from economic depression?

11—Prohibition was referred to by whom as a "noble experiment"?

12—Probably the widest used phrase of our day is "the fifth column." Can you give the name of its originator?

13—What influential person was reported to have asserted, "We will spend and spend, tax and tax, elect and elect"?

14—This eminent public figure was credited with having greeted an erstwhile rival with the slangy salute, "Hello, you old potato!" Who was he?

15—The famous premature gibe that Hitler had "missed the bus" was made by whom?

16—In 1933 the proposition that "life begins at forty" was advanced and caught on with great gusto. Who had the happy idea?

17—In discussing a man who sought the 1940 Republican Presidential nomination, an observer said, "He tossed his diaper into the ring." Who was speaking?

18—The same outspoken fellow labeled another G. O. P. Presidential candidate as "the simple, barefoot lawyer of Wall Street." Identify both men.

19—Who said, "I have come to save humanity"?

20—Who began a memorable broadcast with the words, "At long last"?

21—Who said—and became famous for saying it—"There is no right to strike against the public safety by anybody, anywhere, any time"?

22—A famous writer proposed to "end poverty in California." What was his name?

23—A way of life for Americans was characterized as "rugged individualism" by whom?

24—The slogan, "Pass the biscuits, Pappy," was used in a combination political campaign and commodity sales ballyhoo by what individual?

25—Trace the origin of the phrase, "The brains trust."

26—What statesman pointed with pride (and was subsequently disillusioned) to the achievement of "peace in our time"?

27—"Every man a king" was whose motto?

28—Who called a group of citizens "the sixty families"?

29—Who saw as desirable a "breathing spell" for business?

30—To whom does credit for the phrase, "the smoke-filled room," belong?

31—What group of political partisans employed the chant, "Three long years," in deploring a tenure of office by their opponents?

32—One of the expressions of the past decade which caught the country's imagination was "the horse-and-buggy days." Who said it and what was the occasion?

33—Who said contemptuously (and to his regret) of a sensitive baseball club, "Brooklyn—are they still in the National League"?

34—A modern catalogue of phrases would not be complete without the historic utterance, "blood, toil, tears, and sweat." Every one knows the author of this one.

35—"The New Deal" is a household term. We all use it daily and yet do we all know who thought of it first?

36—Just for the sake of old times, how about identifying "Tippecanoe and Tyler, too" and "Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion"?

37—Who saw "one third of a nation ill-housed, ill-clad, and ill-nourished"?

38—"Their finest hour" referred to what?

39—What was meant by the phrase, "The Second Louisiana Purchase"?

40—What was once described as "the happiest thing that has happened in the world since the Armistice," and by whom?

(Answers will be found on page 46)

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

Liberty's critic turns the spotlight on a spectacular young man—the theater's most exciting new talent

Saroyan Amon

☆ THE most talked-of figure in the American theater today is an Armenian former Western Union messenger boy and California grape picker. His name is William Saroyan, and a not inconsiderable share of the talk about him is contributed by himself. For no one—and there are some who admire him very highly—regards him with more esteem than he does.

Certain folk, naturally, look upon this as most peculiar and as an indication that he cannot really amount to much. These are the folk who believe it is the duty of any normal man worth his salt to spend all his time talking about other people, for which dispensation they paradoxically most often denounce him as busybody and dirty gossip. Saroyan talks solely of himself because, he says, he loves people and doesn't want to hurt their feelings.

But why the talk of him on the part of others? The reason is easily arrived at. Saroyan is the most spectacular bird to have invaded the theater in some years, and the theater, though it may not have realized it, was itching for just such a phenomenon. It had not had any one to get worked up over for altogether too long, and it was getting lonely. In the past, some one or other was always coming along to provide it with some food for argument, and fifteen years without any good reason for hitting the bartender was too much to ask of even the most patient theater. Saroyan appeared in the nick of time.

His epiphany occurred on the night of April 13, 1939, with a short play called My Heart's in the Highlands, and the very next day half the people who had seen it loudly announced that he was something of a genius and the other half even more loudly that he was something of a screwball. At that moment *l'Affaire Saroyan* was not only born but began gradually to assume a bulk approximating *l'Affaire Dreyfus*. Today it sees the two camps either biting into each other as if they were juicy hamburgers with onions or loftily not deigning to speak when they pass each other on the street.

This theatrical civil war has found in Saroyan himself its most effective fifth columnist. His machinations have not let up for a moment. No sooner did the battle over My Heart's in the Highlands show signs of weakening than he gave them the controversial The Time of Your Life, and when the shooting over that began to die down he rushed to the field with Love's Old Sweet Song, and when the pros and cons were yelling for the towel over that one he set them to fighting all over again about The Beautiful People. And in the meantime—and all in the span of two short years—he gave them no pause in which to rest by heaving at them in the summer theaters Sweeney in the Trees, The Hero of the World, and Story of a Soldier, to say nothing of a Western production of Across the Board on Tomorrow Morning. And for extra measure, a New York ballet called The Great American Goof, a jukebox song about the beauty of love, several published books of plays, stories, and essays, at least 400 newspaper interviews, Sunday supplement and magazine articles, numerous radio addresses, and the announcement that he has completed not only the book for a musical show but a play called Jim Dandy, which, like The Beautiful People, he will produce himself, and has further got pretty well along on still another one called Arena and Referee.

The latter has been slightly held up, he notifies, because he has had to read proofs of two more books to be published this fall, because he has been seized with an idea for a very fine play about an Armenian family like his own, and because while he was in the middle of the second act a great idea for a grand opera threw him temporarily off the track.

You may wonder just what this thirty-three-year-old nonesuch is personally like. Knowing him pretty well, I give you stray bits of his personality which you may piece together.

My first contact with him was in 1933, when I was helping to edit the American Spectator. Daily over a period of four months he sent in an article, essay, or short story, each accompanied by a lengthy letter. I wrote him as follows: "We can't use the articles, essays and short stories but we will take pleasure in accepting for publication the letters." He wrote back: "Fine. Only the rate for the letters is two cents a word more."

His greatest affection is for his family. When the money started to roll in from The Time of Your Life, I asked him what he was going to do with it. "The first thing I do is build the family a big house," he answered. I mildly suggested that the money might not always be rolling in and that it might be a good idea to put some of it in a bank by way of safeguarding his future working peace, but he would have none of it. "The kids are growing up," he said, "and they'll soon be adults and they can't go on all sleeping in the same room."

His especial pet in the family is his young cousin, Ross Bagdasarian, who played the small role of the pinball maniac in The Time of Your Life. When the show played Fresno, the home town, Eddie Dowling allowed the kid to make the final curtain speech in answer to the applause. Ross, beaming back at all the beaming Armenian faces in the auditorium, stepped to the footlights and said, very simply, "It's great to be back home again with all the grapes, and raisins, and you wonderful people."

Clare Boothe about a year ago asked me to introduce her to Saroyan. I did. The very first thing he said to her was: "What the nuts does a beautiful woman like you want to write plays for?"

Metro-Goldwyn a few months ago invited him to lunch. "During lunch in what they call the commissary," Saroyan reported to me, "all of a sudden—as Louis B. Mayer got tangled up among too many waitresses—I discovered the truth about Hollywood and its studios: they are laundries. I told an agent to make a deal for me with the Excelsior Laundry on La Brea Avenue."

When his Across the Board on Tomorrow Morning was being shown in Pasadena, various motion-picture people approached him about the movie rights to certain of his other plays. "I told them," he wrote me, "that I was glad to see them but that I wasn't interested in moving pictures, I was interested in the theater. I told one of them I'd read where Lady in the Dark had been bought for $280,000 and told him that if he was interested I would write as good a story in a half hour at a bar and let him have it for $28, but he appeared to be under the impression that I was being witty or something."

As for his shrinking opinion of Across the Board on Tomorrow Morning: "The two Filipino characters had me in the aisles every performance and rehearsal, especially Pablo, with the knife and lettuce business and

Saroyan, once a messenger boy, takes a friend from his old office for a ride.

The Philistines

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

all the questions. Wonderful stuff!"

When The Beautiful People started to slide at the box office, Saroyan telephoned his agent, Pat Duggan, from San Francisco and asked him how much profit he, Saroyan, made when the play lost $537.50 in a week. "He asked me to repeat the question, which I did," says Saroyan. "He then asked me to repeat it again, which I didn't."

"If the truth were told," he once wrote to me, "all any of us really wants is fun; I've got to work so I can have fun, and that's why I work so swiftly—because I want to get back where I know I belong. Living is a little better than art, unless art happens to be great. But making art great is the headache."

At the annual award dinner of the Critics' Circle last May—his The Beautiful People ran second to Lillian Hellman's Watch on the Rhine—he placed his arm affectionately around Miss Hellman, whom he had met only once before and very briefly, told her she deserved to win the award above him and was glad she did, and then for the next hour insisted that the trouble with her plays was that they didn't have songs in them like his own plays. And, at the top of his voice and for the full hour, he thereupon sang to her all the songs from his plays by way of apprising her of the species of ditties she should incorporate—to their great improvement—into the plays she wrote in the future.

When he arrived in New York to look after the staging of his early plays and simultaneously to work on new ones, he stayed at the Great Northern Hotel in West Fifty-seventh Street, where the rates are very reasonable. Not long afterward he moved to a considerably more expensive hotel in Central Park South. I asked him why. "The elevator boys at the Great Northern were altogether too interesting," he informed me. "They're intelligent fellows and I found myself spending so much time talking with them that I couldn't get any work done."

It was not very long, however, before he moved to an even more expensive hotel in the same street, the Hampshire House. Again I asked him why. "A whole lot of bums who found out I was making money got to me at the other place and touched me for almost everything I had," he explained. "At this new place, they take one look at them and tell them to get the hell out of the lobby and use the servants' entrance. The bums get lost in the servants' entrance, wander around in the cellar for an hour, become disgusted, and go home. And I save money."

This, sketchily, is our friend Saroyan. He sees a young girl sitting in a restaurant, likes her looks and manner, and forthwith and without further ado makes her the leading woman in his next play, as witness the case of Betsy Blair. He refuses to let his acting company take a cut in salaries even though the company insists upon it. He gives back their money to people who have seen a play of his and who haven't liked it. He fights with a producer like Eddie Dowling, tells him he is staging his play all wrong, stamps indignantly out of the rehearsal, and stops around the corner to send Dowling a telegram telling him he is the only producer in the theater he has any respect for and is going right home and get busy on another play written expressly for him. He is one moment given to a gasconade of Nibelungen volume, and the next to a modesty that shames the violet. He has always and frankly a transcendent faith in himself, and always and frankly a suspicion of dubiety. And he is, this aberrant and engaging and amusing Armenian, unless I am mistaken, the most exciting new talent that has come the way of the American theater in a long time.

THE END

READING TIME ● 27 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

☆ PHILIP LAYDEN, a young American whose father, now dead, was once in the consular service in Czecho-Slovakia, poses as Rico Bardi, an Italian pianist, and joins a troupe of entertainers which Germany is sending into occupied territory. With him, passing as Maria Lantera, the Italian singer whom the real Bardi accompanies, is Mignon Gaudin, a young French girl who has fled from her home because she killed a Nazi officer. They take orders from Paul Ravineau, a former French premier, who is working for the Free French from his hiding place in Marseilles. Philip's job is to get in touch with anti-Nazi groups in the countries he visits and help them install radio sets which will be England's ears on the Continent.

Also working for the Free French is Lisa Abernathil, a beautiful Austrian refugee who has been planted in the Gestapo. Philip, who knew her in Switzerland and who is in love with her, still cannot be sure that she isn't in reality working for the Nazis. When he discovers that she is to be in charge of the troupe of entertainers which he and Mignon have joined, he is afraid she will give them away to her superior, Herr von Seidtz. Lisa, however, acts in every respect as though she wants to help them, even arranging it so that an Italian juggler who might know the real Rico Bardi and Maria Lantera does not join the troupe.

When they arrive in Prague, Philip is impatient to meet the Czechs who are working for their country's freedom and to carry out Ravineau's orders. One night he steals out of his room and leaves the hotel by a side door. He is walking rapidly through the darkened and deserted streets when he hears footsteps following him, and a peremptory voice calls, "Halt!"

PART SEVEN—MIGNON DISCOVERS HER HEART

☆ WHEN he saw through the rain and darkness that they were brownshirts, Philip stopped. A feeling of frustration caught him; of rage, too, as if he had been betrayed. He couldn't run now. You didn't run away from brownshirts. If you tried, they fired into your back.

The four men reached him, and they were angry in a way that made them crowd Philip against a wall. Their leader, with water dripping from the visor of his cap, demanded to know where Philip thought he was going.

"Walking," he said.

"At this hour?"

Philip spoke with a mixture of German and Italian: "A headache. I thought a walk would fix it."

"Oh, you did! Let me see your papers."

He did his best to appear confused and bewildered when he surrendered his Italian passport. He had to play the stranger who couldn't understand the meaning of this.

The brownshirt carried the passport into the shelter of a doorway, where he focused a flashlight upon it. His body kept the light concealed from the street. Meanwhile the other three men, truncheons ready to swing, held Philip a prisoner against the wall. One of them snapped:

"Don't you know it is *verboten* to be out after nine?"

Philip's surprise was genuine. "*Nein.* Nobody told me such a thing."

"Where do you live?"

"Hotel Vratislav."

"They should have told you!"

"But they didn't—"

He couldn't blame the men for their disbelief. Had he attempted to leave the hotel through the lobby, he supposed some one would have stopped him at the door. But he had slipped out by way of the service exit, unobserved—a circumstance, he saw, which was difficult to explain.

"How long have you been in Prague?"

"Only a few hours. I do not wish to break any rules—"

The man with the passport returned. "Enough talk!" he said.

"I'll be glad to go back to the hotel—"

"You'll go with *us*," the man said. "You're under arrest."

Philip protested in unfeigned dismay, "But I tell you, I didn't know—"

"Enough talk, I said! Come along!"

They marched him off through the rain, two of them holding his arms, the other two following. He was stunned. For a while he tried a copious flow of Italian protestations, then broke into pleas in bad German. Neither had any effect.

They took him to a gray building he remembered from former days. Once it had been the headquarters of the Prague police. Now it served the brownshirts.

An officer behind a desk studied his passport. "How is it," he too challenged, "that nobody stopped you from leaving the hotel? They have strict orders."

"I left by the side door."

"*So?*" The man was intrigued by that. "Why?"

"This headache. I wanted to be alone. When I saw the door, with nobody there, I stood in it for a time, smoking. Then I thought maybe a little walk—"

The officer picked up a telephone. To the brownshirts he said, with a nod toward a door, "*Hineingehen.*"

They led Philip down a flight of stairs to lock him into what had once been a detention cell. A dim red bulb glowed high in a corner. It filled the cell with eerie light, as of flame; and in that light he saw that another prisoner sat there, on a cot.

He was a gaunt fellow with a shapeless black beard. His clothes were ragged. The eyes with which he watched Philip were filled with a deep and burning contempt. He sat silent until the door was locked and the brownshirts were gone. Then, in a derisive bass voice, he asked:

"What are you in for?"

He spoke in Czech. Remembering he was not supposed to understand the Bohemian or the Slovakian languages you heard in Prague, Philip shook his head. He said in German:

"I do not understand what you say. I am a stranger."

"*Deutsch?*"

"*Nein. Italienisch.*"

The bearded man grunted. He shifted his position and said no more. Philip paced his cell. After a while he drew out his cigarette case, offered it to the Czech.

"Smoke?"

The man answered in German, "*Danke schön.*"

The taste of tobacco seemed to improve his humor. He motioned Philip to sit beside him, and glanced over his clothes. Then he asked, "Why did they arrest you?"

"I didn't know it was *verboten* to be out after nine."

"Oh, that."

"Why are you here?"

"I killed a chicken."

"*Bitte?*"

"A chicken—I killed a chicken. One of my own chickens. What's hard to understand about that?"

"Why should they arrest you for killing a chicken?"

Tomorrow We

March

The men were angry. Their leader demanded to know where Philip thought he was going.

"When you own more than three, you must give the Nazis sixty eggs a year for every hen you have. And they take the *first* sixty eggs, so that you have none at all. Loyal Czechs," he added with defiance, "kill any chickens they have beyond three. It is better to kill them than to feed your enemies."

Philip gave the bearded man a searching look. His attitude sent new warmth through him. A flow of courage.

If this man's voice represented the spirit of Czecho-Slovakia, then

Peril in Prague! . . Now a stirring novel plunges into new, desperate adventure

BY OSCAR SCHISGALL

there was hope—glorious hope—for the future. . . .

"Why are you in Prague?" the Czech demanded.

Philip told him about the variety show. It made the man nod. "*Ja*," he said; "I have seen the signs. They put their posters everywhere." Unexpectedly he tilted back his head and laughed contemptuously.

"What's funny about it?" Philip asked.

"You will see, you will see."

The bearded man would say no more. They sat silent, smoking, for many minutes.

Philip rose. He began to walk back and forth, gripped by increasing despair. Was this how his attempt to establish contact with Ravineau's supporters must end? In defeat at the very outset? Because of a minor infraction of Nazi orders? The shock of the failure contracted his stomach into a hard, tight lump.

He looked at the gaunt man. "Why don't they permit anybody out after nine?"

"Because many went out in darkness to set fire to the factories—those factories which are making things for Germany. They burned food storehouses, too. The Nazis were taking the food."

"And what happens if you're caught out after nine?"

"What happens for anything you do here?" the Czech snarled. "Sometimes they send you off to a concentration camp. Or they make you work in the fields of Germany or Austria—under their guns. Who knows what becomes of the men they take away?"

Before Philip could ask anything else, a key clicked in the lock. The door swung open and a brownshirt beckoned to him. "Come out."

He sent a last glance at the bearded

Czech. The man sat glowering at the floor. "Good luck," he murmured.

Looking as grim as he felt, wholly uncertain of what might happen next, Philip accompanied the brownshirt to the outer office.

He found, to his astonishment, that Sigmund Werther was there—in an angry mood.

"*Jawohl,* this is the man," Werther said to the officer at the desk. "He did not know what he was doing. He is Italian. I vouch for him."

"Hereafter," the officer answered in dry tones, "watch him. Read him the signs he can't understand."

Werther turned to Philip in exasperation. "You must remember, signore, that our laws are more important than your headaches. They will free you this time, because I have explained you did not understand what you were doing. But in the future you must be *careful.*"

Philip nodded. "I won't forget." Then, in a confused voice, he asked, "If no one is allowed out at night, how do we give evening performances?"

"Here evening performances begin at four. They are finished before seven. . . . After dark, signore, you must never leave the hotel. It is *verboten.*" . . .

Philip had planned all his underground activity for after dark.

☆ THE news of his arrest, Philip Layden discovered, had a strange effect on the troupe. When he entered the lobby with Herr Werther, most of the actors were there. They didn't approach him; they didn't speak to him. Obviously nervous, they regarded him with uneasy eyes, as though any contact with him might be dangerous.

Only Mignon came to him, as Maria Lantera might have gone to Rico Bardi in such circumstances—grave and disturbed. She rose on her toes to kiss him.

"I was so worried!" she whispered in Italian.

As he pretended to allay her anxiety he glanced around. Lisa Abernathil stood near the steps, watching him with an intensity that seemed to convey some sort of message. When he looked at her, however, she turned away. And presently she went up the stairs. . . .

Mignon accompanied Philip to his room. Behind its closed door she stopped being Maria Lantera. She was tense. She spoke hushedly.

"When I heard they had you, I—I thought it was all over!"

"It was close," he conceded, drawing off his wet jacket. "If Werther hadn't got me out—"

"It wasn't Werther. It was Lisa Abernathil!"

He paused, the jacket half off. He stared at Mignon.

"I was in the lobby when the brownshirts telephoned to ask about you," she said. "I heard Werther talk to them. He wanted them to let you go. They refused. Then he ran up to Lisa's room. It was she who arranged everything. As a member of the Gestapo. She said it was *necessary* for you to be free. She has to observe your movements. If you were held under arrest you could reveal nothing. . . . That was why they released you."

"How do you know all this?"

"I listened at Lisa's door."

As he hung up his jacket, Philip scowled. So Lisa had told the local authorities he was under suspicion. . . . The thought clawed at him. How could you ever be sure of Lisa's motives? Had she done this to free him? Or had her words been the truth? He didn't know. He couldn't decide what to believe of her now any more than in Bayreuth or in Marseilles.

"How will you see Anton Kanes?"

"The troupe will be looking over Prague. I'll get away from them somehow—maybe tomorrow."

Mignon was silent. Philip looked at her and saw that there was a touch of desperation in her eyes, a glimmer of tears.

"Please," he begged. "You've got to hang on to your nerve, Mignon."

She came to him. She took both his hands and tried to force a smile of confidence. "You don't have to worry about me. Only—the shock—when they said you were arrested—" She shook her head. "I didn't show any fear then, Philip. I give you my word I didn't. You—you must let me cry a little now. It will do me good."

She lowered her face against his chest. For a while he held her, uneasy and bewildered. He heard a sniffle. He saw her take a handkerchief from her sleeve and lift it to her nose.

"Mignon," he muttered, "you'd better go to bed."

She nodded. "In a moment." And she said nothing more.

But later, when she lay in darkness, Mignon Gaudin shut her eyes and clenched her hands and tried not to weep. She knew what was wrong with her. She had known it for weeks. Ever since she had gone to Germany with Philip. Ever since the night she had fallen asleep in his arms and he had put her to bed. She loved him. She loved him, and she knew she ought not to love him, just as he showed no sign of loving her. Nothing like that ought to be permitted to confuse the task they had to do together. They had to keep their emotions out of it. They had to keep their minds clear and sharp every second.

Yes, she knew all that. But she also knew she loved him . . . helplessly, in a way that cut deep into her heart.

☆ IT was not yet eight thirty when Lisa hurried down to breakfast. She found herself alone in the dining room, save for a couple of strangers in a far corner. The day was clear, sunny, and the windows were open to a sprightly breeze. In this kind of weather, she knew, the whole theatrical troupe would go sightseeing. And she intended to find some way of remaining close to Philip Layden today. She had to do it. There was much she wanted to say to him.

Last night Sigmund Werther, uneasy with his suspicions, had told her, "I cannot understand why Bardi went out in that rain because of a headache. A man with his cough *avoids* bad weather. . . ."

She sent a hand over the wave of her flaxen hair, glanced at the table Philip had occupied last night—and saw, with a start, that some one had already breakfasted there. The head-waiter was still hovering over her, attentive, pencil in hand.

"Signor Bardi," she asked a little too sharply—"has he eaten?"

"The Italian? *Veru áno,* madam—yes indeed."

☆ STRUCK by the fear that she was too late to speak to Philip, she ordered breakfast quickly, watched the waiter leave.

Then she ran up the stairs to the door of Philip's room. She knocked; waited, and knocked again. There was no reply. For a moment Lisa looked baffled. Then she went down the corridor to knock at Mignon's door.

"*Si?*" Mignon called. "Who is it?"

"Lisa Abernathil."

"Oh! . . . Come in."

Lisa found Mignon seated before a mirror, brushing her chestnut hair. The singer turned with her brightest smile. "Good morning," she said.

"I was wondering if you and Signor Bardi would come sightseeing with us this morning," said Lisa. "I'm arranging a small party."

"But *certamente.* It will be a pleasure."

"Can you be ready by nine thirty?"

"Oh, yes."

"And Signor Bardi?"

"I think he is ready now. He must be downstairs somewhere." Mignon spoke casually. It would be impossible to get more information from her, Lisa saw. . . . She did not immediately move. For several seconds she studied Mignon Gaudin, wondering just what the relation of this girl was to Philip Layden—wondering about a great many things that coupled them. And aware of a queer ache in herself.

"Don't you want to come in and sit down?" Mignon invited.

"No—no, thanks. I'm going down to eat."

So Lisa went down—without any idea of Philip's whereabouts—and worried. . . .

As a matter of truth, Philip was crossing the Ring—the market place in the Old Town. There were brownshirts about and he didn't make the mistake of walking too rapidly. The important thing was to seem a foreigner interested only in sights.

From the Ring he went along the Celetna Ulice to the Powder Tower and on to the Prikopy. It was a roundabout route he chose, but it allowed him opportunity to glance back every now and then to be certain he wasn't being followed. After what had happened last night, he might expect to be watched.

Everywhere he saw symbols of the Nazification of Czecho-Slovakia: street signs in German; swastikas;

dwellings and stores bearing the yellow-lettered word *Jude*. And there were posters he had missed in last night's blackout: notices forbidding any one to venture out after nine; other posters advertising the variety troupe. . . .

At twenty minutes of nine he entered a short, crooked street lined with shops. On a window in the middle of the block he read:

ANTON KANES
Pékar

Excitement began to thump in Philip Layden—the excitement of reaching a goal. A few women and children were in the street, and an old man who seemed to be begging. Philip passed the shop twice. Nobody he could see was watching him. He entered.

The counters were empty. There was no trace of the aroma you associated with bakeshops. In the rear a black-mustached man with big-boned Slavic features sat reading a newspaper. At the sight of Philip he rose, puzzled, and came toward the front of the store, behind the counter.

"*Dobry deñ, pane.*" The words were cautious. "I have nothing to sell. There is no flour to be had."

Philip glanced into the room behind the shop. It was empty. A cat stretched itself on a chair.

☆ "ANTON KANES?" he asked.

"*Ano.*" The "yes" was suspicious. "What is it you want?"

Philip whispered in a way scarcely audible, "A friend in Marseilles told me to visit you."

At that the baker started. He stiffened as he watched Philip draw a wallet from an inner pocket, then shot a quick look at the window as if to assure himself no one was watching from outside.

From the wallet Philip took a snapshot. It was the picture of a family group—four children, their mother and father, and a grandfather. He offered it to Kanes.

The baker stared at the picture. He adjusted his spectacles and studied Philip. Then he said, "Wait."

He disappeared behind the store—a long-boned man with a quick step. Two minutes later he brought a snapshot of his own. The picture of a child. This he gave to Philip. A comparison of the prints showed that the same child appeared on both. This was part of the password Ravineau had arranged.

"Her first name," said Kanes, his voice strained, "is Roselle."

"Her second name," answered Philip, "is Delaforche."

"Her grandfather was a miller."

"He died in Rouen."

That was enough. Anton Kanes' eyes were bright behind the spectacles. With a jerk of his head, he said, "Come to the back."

In the rear room the baker swept the cat off a chair. Seated at a round table that was covered by a checkered cloth, Kanes could watch the front door while they spoke. He used the Slovakian language.

"What is your name?" he asked.

"Call me Bardi—Rico Bardi."

"Very well, Bardi. *Procúvate!* At nine every day two of their soldiers bring me flour to bake bread. They stay and watch till I finish, so that I keep none. Let us talk quickly—before they come."

Philip said, "In London there are short-wave radio sets ready to be delivered. They are to come by bomber. At night. We need a landing field. Some place a few miles from Prague. Can it be arranged?"

Kanes considered, his eyes still on the front door. "Yes," he said. "The farm of Karel Cypek. It has sixty flat acres that are hidden by forest. Twelve kilometers west of the city."

"Some day I'm going to ask your father for your hand, and it won't be just to cross the street, either."

"Good. We also need men to unload the plane."

"How many?"

"At least ten. The sets will have to be carried away at once."

"I'll have thirty."

"Can they be armed? There may be interference."

"*Ano;* they will be armed."

"And we will need flares to mark the field."

"We can make little fires. We have no flares."

Philip said, "Fires will do. . . . When will you arrange all this?"

"Today. This afternoon."

"Fine. . . . How many men have you who know how to assemble sets?"

"Two. But they can teach others."

"You know Stefan Hesel, of course?" Philip had memorized the name as that of a Czech who operated a secret short-wave radio eighteen kilometers from Prague.

"Yes; certainly I know Hesel," said Anton Kanes.

"He is to communicate with Marseilles. He is to tell them what night you will be ready for the plane to come. And at what hour."

"There is a code?"

"Yes. Let him say there is a rumor Hitler will make a world-wide radio broadcast from Berlin at such and such a time on such and such a day. He will add ten to every figure he wishes to convey. Thus, if the plane is to land at one o'clock in the morning on the 5th, he is to say Hitler will speak at 11 A. M. on the 15th. Is that clear?"

"*Ano.* I'll tell Hesel."

"When the sets arrive, they will have to be hidden in many places around Prague. In pits. In caves. Wherever possible. No set will operate for more than ten minutes at a time. No set will be used more than once in two weeks. In that way we will confuse efforts to locate them."

Kanes nodded. He was constantly watching the door.

Aware of his increasing unease, Philip glanced at his watch. It was five minutes of nine. They both rose.

"Where can I communicate with you?" the baker asked.

Philip hesitated. Communication might be dangerous. "Have you any of your men at the Hotel Vratislav?"

"No."

"I'm with the troupe that is to play at the Rísa Theater—"

"We have no one at the theater, either. But I can send a woman to sell flowers at the stage entrance every afternoon. Buy something from her every day. She will give you what messages there are. Ask for an orchid the first day. She will have none, but it will identify you."

"Good." They were walking toward the door. "I'll go with you," Philip added, "the night the plane arrives—if I can find a way of leaving the hotel at night."

Kanes uttered a harsh laugh. "There is only one passport that will give you the freedom of the streets in the evening. A brownshirt uniform. All our men use them. I will get you one."

In surprise Philip asked, "Where?"

"We have good tailors in Prague. Tailors have their place in the movement, too." He opened the street door and glanced toward both corners. "You can go. *S Bohom.* The uniform will be ready when the plane arrives."

They did not shake hands. Philip walked out as casually as a customer. When he reached the corner he looked back. Two soldiers were carrying bags of flour toward Anton Kanes' shop. They were big bags, and the women and children in the street stared at them in silence, with hungry, yearning eyes. . . .

It was twenty minutes past nine when Philip entered the hotel. Several members of the troupe were ready to leave. When Lisa saw him, there was a catch in her breath. She came to him quickly.

"I've been looking for you," she said. "I hoped you might go—sightseeing with us."

"Delighted," he assured her. "I haven't any other plans."

☆ POSTERS had announced that performances at the Rísa Theater would begin promptly at four. For two weeks the German-Czech press had praised the artistic achievements of the troupe. And further to encourage attendance, the price of tickets

had been kept so low that it was cheaper to go to the Rísa than to a cinema. Herr Werther therefore expected a large audience.

At two minutes of four most of the cast, in costume and showing the strain of an opening performance, stood ready in the wings. Stagehands watched for a nod to pull up the curtain. In the pit the orchestra awaited its own signal.

Herr Werther, his bald head moist with perspiration, went to a peephole to look out into the auditorium.

What he saw left him stupefied. He stared, unbelieving, over the great hall, into the balcony, the galleries. When he turned back to the actors, he was dazed.

"I—I don't understand it," he stammered. He raised his wrist to look at his watch. "Is my time wrong?"

"It is one minute of four," a stage hand said.

"Where *are* they all? We have no more than a dozen people out there—most of them our own brownshirts!"

The cast stood incredulous.

☆ "YOU can't pull up the curtain before such an audience!" said Hermann Krug.

"We—let us give them another ten minutes," the director said. "Perhaps—"

The stagehand who stood at the lights interrupted in a sardonic tone, "Ten minutes won't make any difference, *Herr Direktor.* It is the boycott. They did the same with the last German show that was here. Nobody came."

Krug exclaimed, "But that is not true! In the Berlin papers I myself read that the house was sold out for all performances!"

"I didn't see the Berlin papers," the stagehand answered, "but I saw the audience. I was here. Only a few Germans came, like today."

Far back in the shadows of the wings Philip Layden sent an astonished smile toward Mignon. All this surprised him, but it delighted him, too. It made him feel triumphant. Here was the voice of Czecho-Slovakia, eloquent in its silence. Here was a manifestation of underground strength, of unquenchable patriotism. . . . He glanced at Lisa. She stood, tall, impassive. Once she turned her face to him briefly, but in the shadows it was impossible to read her emotions.

Krug said in disgust, "You ought to call the performance off, Herr Werther. Why should we play for ten or twelve people? It is not for that we came here!"

But Sigmund Werther became stubborn. "*Nein.* We call nothing off. We play!"

"It is ridiculous!"

"It will be even more ridiculous if the news goes out that we had to cancel our appearance because nobody came. We will play—and the papers will say the house was full." He lifted his arm, called in a whisper: "Overture! Ready for the curtain!"

For Philip it was a memorable performance. Czech saboteurs had been very busy before this presentation.

When the curtain rose, a rope broke and the whole thing came tumbling down in a vast shapeless plum-colored heap. There was a delay while stagehands cleared the mountain away. Somebody who examined the broken rope reported it had been cut almost in two by a knife.

Lisa, in a glorious white evening gown that revealed all the beauties of her figure, stepped into a spotlight. She introduced the ballet troupe.

There had to be a change of lights after she left the stage. And a fuse blew out. The whole theater went black. After that, when the lights were adjusted, nothing went wrong until Hermann Krug, in the costume of Wotan, walked out to sing. He was half through his aria when a loudspeaker, hidden somewhere in the auditorium, crashed through his song. The raucous voice was that of an illegal broadcaster. Philip wondered, with a start, if he was hearing Stefan Hesel. While the brownshirts in the auditorium jumped up and began to seek the hidden loud-speaker, Krug quit the stage in fury. The orchestra stopped. The radio blared:

"Slováci, bár je ich vyse troch miliónov dusí, nesmia mat' ziadnej slovenskej skoly. O to sa nikto nestará, aby sa Slováci vzdelávali vo svojej zrozumitelnej reci, ba ani o to aby mali nejaky zárobok. . . ."

"What's he saying?" Mignon whispered.

"We've cut into the middle of a speech," Philip answered, his mouth close to her ear; and he translated: "'The Slovaks, in spite of the fact that they number over three millions of souls, are not allowed any Slovak schools. Nobody concerns himself about the education of the Slovaks in the language intelligible to them; no one, moreover, concerns himself about their livelihood. . . .'"

Finally one of the brownshirts found the hidden set. It was in a ventilator, behind an iron grille. He ripped it out, smashed it on the floor, stamped on it, and the theater was silent again.

Somebody had turned the set on, Philip thought. It was quite possible that one of the brownshirts in the audience was a friend of Anton Kanes. . . .

☆ WHEN the fiasco was ended, Philip found himself leaving the stage door between Lisa and Mignon.

A gray-haired little woman, shabby, wearing a thin shawl, stood peddling flowers from a tray.

"*Kvetine!*" she cried. "*Kvetine!*"

"To celebrate a successful opening," he said to Lisa and Mignon, "you must have corsages." He went to the woman. "Have you orchids?" he asked, with a grin.

The flower vendor looked perplexed. Apparently she didn't understand his language. She held up a small bunch of violets hopefully.

"Two," said Philip.

When he dropped coins on her tray she mumbled only, "*D'akujem.*" A thank you and nothing more. . . . Yet he was elated. It was too soon to expect news from Anton Kanes. The flower vendor, however, served as a symbol of Kanes' efficiency and reliability.

For five days the troupe entertained empty seats. The only ones who patronized the theater were Germans. But Herr Werther obstinately insisted on raising the curtain every afternoon—to Hermann Krug's disgust. And always, after the show, the gray-haired old woman was at the stage door with her flowers.

Philip bought something every day. Either a corsage for Mignon or a boutonnière for himself. But he received no message through the woman. He began to feel uneasy, restless.

Then, on the sixth afternoon, as he turned away from the old woman, she cackled in Slovakian, "Your change, *pane.*"

She dipped her hand into an apron pocket where coins jingled. When she counted a few out into his palm, he saw that she dropped a tiny square of folded paper with them.

Philip put it into his pocket with the money. He didn't unfold it until he was in his room, with Mignon looking over his shoulder. The words were carefully handprinted in Slovakian. He translated them:

"Plane arrives 2 A. M. tonight. Be at side door at 11."

Excitement rushed through him.

☆ AT eleven o'clock, with the hotel silent, Philip went down the service steps. He descended quickly, without sounds.

In the blackness of the side door he found two brownshirts waiting—grim young men who frowned as they thrust a bundle into his arms.

He withdrew from the door and carried the uniform down into the darkness of the cellar. There he stripped off his clothes and put them behind a row of empty beer kegs. The brownshirt outfit did not fit perfectly, but in the blackout it would do. He was still buttoning the shirt when he returned to the two men at the door. They glanced over him, nodded approval.

One said, "*Procúvate.* If we are stopped by brownshirts who wish to talk, don't answer. Walk on. We speak German, but our accents can give us away. . . . Here."

He felt something pushed into his hand. It was a truncheon.

"If they try to hold us," the man said, "don't argue. Hit. Hit hard. Hard enough to kill. . . . To be arrested in these uniforms means a death sentence. So we must kill or be killed."

Philip nodded.

"Now come."

They strode out into the darkness.

Can Philip do his job and get back to the hotel without being caught? Is Lisa spying on him as von Seidtz ordered? Is Werther suspicious? Terror, suspense, and danger crowd next week's chapter of this high-powered novel of adventure!

TO THE Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

☆ PROBABLY you have wondered, as I did the other day, how film critics count the score when rating a new picture. How do they calculate it's worth four stars, three stars, two, one, or none? Back in 1929 the system was originated by Liberty, and our movie reviews continue its use. Not being in Hollywood at the moment, I couldn't ask how it works there, so I asked Kate Cameron, who judges screen drama as moving picture editor of the New York Daily News. "To win four stars," she said, "a picture must be so absorbing and smooth that I forget the sitting time I put in seeing it through. The story must hold my interest from start to finish. The small roles must be finely played as well as the leading parts. Glamorous background mustn't overwhelm the action." As perfect four-star samples she cited Sergeant York, The Little Foxes, Fantasia. She's somewhat leery of gorgeous glad-rag films, fearing she may underestimate their entertainment value if she doesn't happen to like the gowns. Joan Crawford's comeback, she pointed out, dates since Joan stopped being a clotheshorse. . . . Pictures that let her down with a displeasing bump, said Kate, are those too lavishly produced and ballyhooed around a mediocre story, also those in which a stale theme masquerades behind a new title and expensive trappings. . . . Is our movie judgment best, I asked, when we go to pictures alone, or when we see them and talk about them with another person? Miss Cameron always goes alone; wears comfortable garments; eats and makes herself thoroughly at ease before attending the presentation. And she *hates* to hear people whispering comments . . . even as you and I!

☆ PEACEMAKING can be as strangely motivated as any move to war or Reno. Three years ago the private secretary of an important executive got married but went on working. Her boss got married almost at the same time. The parallel course of these events outside the office created a platonic bond of sentiment between them. She was terribly shocked when her boss informed her he and his wife had agreed to divorce. Risking job and dignity, she butted into their trouble—persuaded them to try again. "I had to do it," she says. "Their marriage and mine seemed linked somehow. When theirs threatened to go off the track, I was afraid mine might go too."

☆ NO aluminum needed for this good autumn dish, because the unusual flavor of *Pennsylvania Steak* is aided by slow cooking in a heavy iron pan. Rub a 3-pound slice round steak with freshly ground pepper. Using heavy pan, sear steak all over in a little hot bacon fat. Have 1 cup dried apricots soaked overnight and drained. Add apricots to steak, with 1 cup chopped celery (including leaves), 1 minced onion, rind of 1 lemon, 1 cup warm water. Cover tight and cook very slowly for 3 hours. Serve with mashed potatoes or buttered rice.

☆ ROSE FRANKEN, playwright and authoress of the superlatively successful Claudia stories, is a lady who won't blossom out in a new mink coat this winter. She has spent her intended mink-coat money on a tree, recently transplanted to her Connecticut farm. Visitors are at first bewildered when Miss Franken says, "How do you like my new mink coat?" as she shows them a resplendently foliaged sugar-maple tree.

☆ *SMART gifts for October weddings, bridal month second only to June:* . . . Of transparent plastic, a dainty breakfast tray on legs; around $30. . . . Cork-topped portable bar, folds away for honeymoon travel; a California specialty in maple, alder, mahogany, or pine; about $15. . . . Elegant time-to-go-home reminder for tarrying guests: a three-compartment cigarette box of gold-tooled cowhide, the entire lid a clock face; $7.50.

☆ THOUGH I rarely mention children's books, I'm sure many of you would like to know about a new one that helps inspire honest patriotism through the appeal of stirring poetry. The book is Walt Whitman: Builder for America, by Babette Deutsch. (Julian Messner, Inc., is the publisher.)

☆ CORRESPONDING with me for a group of Cleveland, Ohio, girls who want to learn *the language of stamps,* one who signs herself Puzzled Romanticist says: "We've heard that stamps pasted different ways on the envelope carry romantic messages, but we can't find out what or how. Have searched libraries and asked people without avail. Do *you* know?" . . . I don't, but maybe some reader does.

"Look, dear—don't you think I can have just one more teensie-weensie little bite?"

READING TIME ● 15 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

If the Windsors had only *Waited*

While world events, in which his part might have been a great and glorious one, take place, Edward, Duke of Windsor, must remain in Nassau as Governor General of an infinitesimal outpost of the great Empire over which he once briefly ruled.

Would things have been different if he had not insisted on trying, so early in his kingship, to force the American woman he loved upon his people? Mr. Collins believes so. He believes that Mrs. Simpson was an excuse seized upon by powerful interests to remove a man whose concern for the poor of his country threatened those interests. If Edward had been less impulsive, more discreet, if he had waited until he was crowned and established on the throne, he might, says Mr. Collins, have been King today—with Wallis Simpson as his Queen.

PART THREE—"THE KING AND MRS. SIMPSON"

☆ MANY people I know blame Edward Windsor for practically everything that has happened during the past five years, including the current shortage in sheer silk hosiery and the continuing slump in attendance at motion-picture theaters.

Myself, I can find it in my heart to blame him only for a series of the most egregious social blunders ever committed by a supposedly mature man of the world—blunders of which, in the first instance, the only victims were himself and the woman for whose sake he committed them.

One such blunder, as we have seen, he had already committed before he came to the throne, when he installed his beautiful American friend as hostess at a tea for British officials and members of the British winter colony on the Riviera. But the flurry caused by this *faux pas* had promptly been submerged in the nation's grief for its departed ruler, George V, and its sympathetic welcome to Edward as the new king.

During the first five months of the latter's reign, although insiders knew that Mrs. Simpson had not dropped out of the sovereign's life, nothing of sufficient importance had come to light which would arouse gossip either at home or abroad. The lady's name had passed from the front pages of American newspapers and had disappeared entirely from the columns of the weekly news press.

On June 1, if any one outside of a few friends personally close to the King thought about Mrs. Simpson at all, it was simply as one of a long list of the former Prince of Wales' favorite dancing partners.

But, on June 3 began the series of apparently deliberate moves on the King's part which made Wallis Simpson the most talked-about woman in the world and drove Edward Windsor from his throne.

The first of these moves was a formal dinner given by the King in his rooms at St. James's Palace, at which, according to the official Court Circular, there were present, among others, Prime Minister and Mrs. Stanley Baldwin and Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Simpson.

The "others"—including Lord and Lady Mountbatten, the Rt. Hon. Alfred Duff Cooper and Lady Diana Duff Cooper, and Colonel and Mrs. Charles Augustus Lindbergh—aroused only minor attention. Still less was the public gaze attracted by the names of the remaining guests, Lord Wigram and Lady Cunard.

As a matter of fact, however, if we discount the repercussions sure to follow the first meeting of Lucy Baldwin and Wallis Simpson, nothing so completely showed the impishly defiant mood of the royal host as the juxtaposition, in the role of dinner partners, of venerable, conservative "Wiggy" and the notably flamboyant Emerald Cunard.

The latter, who was Maud Alice Burke of New York, was perhaps the most widely known member of that group of expatriated Americans and sportive Mayfairites known as the "Prince of Wales' set," who were one long series of red flags to conservative British society and officialdom.

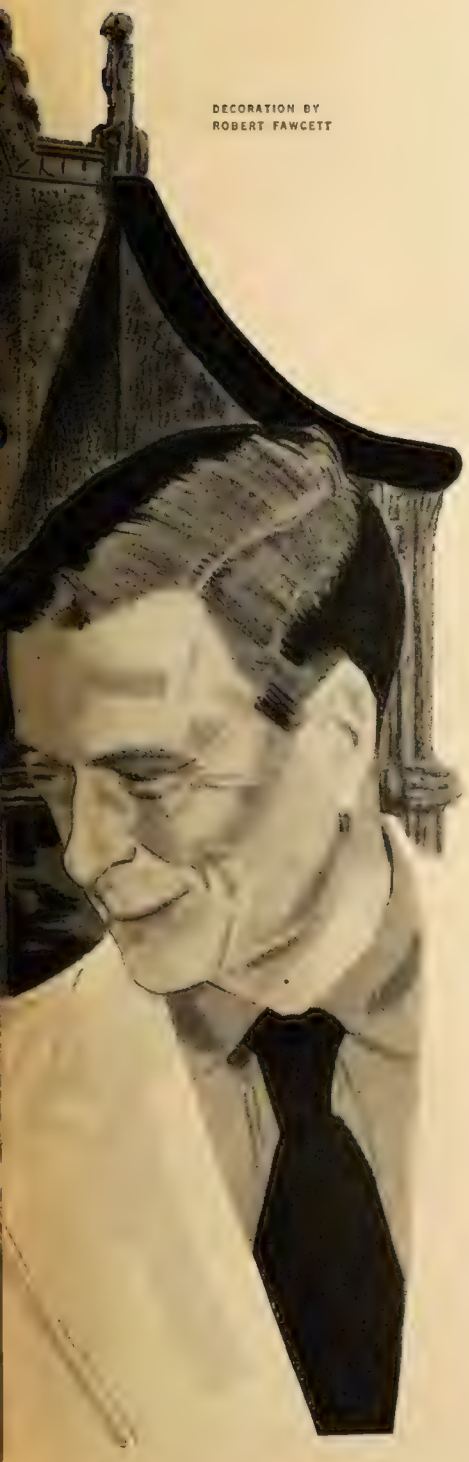
Watchdog Wiggy—he had been wished on Edward by His Majesty's government, nominally as secretary but actually as—what shall we say, observer?—had long been private secretary and close friend of King George V, and was known to share "his former master's instinctive dislike of fox trots, cocktails, and U. S. citizens."

The King doubtless found the spectacle of this ill-assorted pair toddling into dinner arm in arm too tempting to resist.

But the joke, like the dinner party itself, was ill-timed, if for no other reason than that one of Mrs. Simpson's principal social handicaps in the eyes of the Wiggys of the British world was that she was supposed to be a member of that same set of which Lady Emerald was so conspicuous a leader.

Now it can be told . . . The revealing inside story of a history-making emotional blunder

BY FREDERICK L. COLLINS



DECORATION BY ROBERT FAWCETT

It was, to say the least, untactful of Edward Windsor, who is normally one of the most tactful of men, to give prominence at one of his wife-to-be's "coming-out parties" to both his and her association with this much criticized group.

As for how Lucy Baldwin would take the social contretemps which her new sovereign had provided for her, there was no doubt. The only cause for speculation was as to whether she would take it lying down.

Before anybody had a chance to find out, the King gave another dinner, to which there sat down, again according to the Court Circular, their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of York (now King George VI and Queen Elizabeth), the First Lord of the Admiralty and Lady Maud Hoare, the former Viceroy of India and Lady Willingdon, Mr. and Mrs. Winston Churchill and "The King and Mrs. Simpson."

First off, the sensation caused by this second dinner party was confined chiefly to the omission, without explanation, of Mr. Ernest Simpson from the guest list. In historic importance, however, even this eloquent omission paled before the creation of that most widely known of modern phrases, "The King and Mrs. Simpson."

By his own act Edward Windsor had given his enemies the slogan by which they later sold their campaign to oust a king whom they regarded as dangerous to their vested interests and ancient privileges.

That the act was wholly unnecessary added to its obvious unwisdom. The King was in mourning for his father, he had given dozens of informal dinners whose guests had not been recorded in the Court Circular, which is printed in accordance with custom in the daily press. He did not need to label either of these dinners as formal and thus make the printing of the list of guests obligatory.

He could have staged both performances informally, even with their original casts, without making it almost impossible for Stanley Baldwin, his own political connections and his wife's religious connections being what they were, to avoid taking cognizance of the situation, even if he had wished to do so.

That he did take cognizance, and that right smartly, is indicated by the King's reputed answer when the horrified Prime Minister further objected to his following up his dinner-table sponsorship of Mrs. Simpson by departing on a vacation cruise through the Mediterranean with a group of "Prince-of-Wales'-set" friends, including the lady of his choice.

"Look here, if you don't stop it, Baldwin," Edward was quoted as saying, "I won't attend your beastly coronation."

The full shock of their King's ill-advised and ill-timed Mediterranean vacation was kept from the British people by an ironclad censorship contrived by Church and State with the co-operation of the lords of the press; and when American news weeklies arrived in London complete with photographs of Edward sailing, swimming, shopping, laughing with Wallis at various ports of call in the Near East, the pages containing these diverting snaps were promptly snipped before the magazines went on sale.

So far as insiders were concerned, however, such precautions were, of course, quite ineffective. American periodicals were regularly bootlegged through the British customs and were soon thereafter seen in government council rooms and Mayfair drawing rooms. In this instance, the government, not Edward, had blundered. By their attempts at news suppression they had simply piqued curiosity.

When Edward heard of the government's silly attempts to keep his friendship with Mrs. Simpson secret and, therefore, apparently furtive, he was furious, and demanded that nothing further be done to interfere with the freedom of the press. On one occasion, when a news photographer tried to snap him with Mrs. Simpson, and a policeman interfered, he personally snatched the camera from the officer and returned it to its owner.

Thus encouraged, British news weeklies began to publish accounts and photographs of Mrs. Simpson, and finally the great London newspapers broke down and allowed her name to seep into their news columns.

The King nodded his blond head in approval.

"If any one wants to talk about my association with Mrs. Simpson," the United Press reported him as saying, "I'll give them plenty of chance."

And he did.

Upon the vacationers' return to England, Mrs. Simpson was reported to have become a more or less continuous house guest, along with her aunt, Mrs. Merryman, at the King's country retreat, Fort Belvedere, to which His Majesty regularly retired at the end of his official day.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Simpson having filed suit for divorce, preparations began on an impressively elaborate scale for installing her in a new home in fashionable Cumberland Terrace.

It was not Edward's fault altogether that the photographs published in the press showed not simply the part of the palatial building occupied by his lady's proposed residence, but the whole block of houses replete with columns and sculptured pediment.

which gave an impression of something halfway between the Parthenon in Athens and the United States Treasury Building in Washington. Still, he might have chosen a less conspicuous location.

Also, in view of the fact that her divorce suit was still pending and that she was still legally married to Ernest Simpson, Wallis Simpson gained nothing in British opinion when it was reported that her new kitchen was being furnished with pots and pans from Buckingham Palace and Fort Belvedere, and that her household had already been equipped with the King's personal chauffeur and his long-time personal bodyguard, Chief Inspector Storier of Scotland Yard.

Come fall, the infatuated King returned to the social lists.

His first move was to stage a house party at his Scottish country seat, Balmoral Castle, at which his guests were the Dukes and Duchesses of York, Gloucester, Kent, and Marlborough and, of course, the still undivorced Mrs. Ernest Simpson—accompanied on this occasion, as on many subsequent ones in sadder days, by her good friends, Mr. and Mrs. Herman L. Rogers of New York.

There was only one conclusion to be drawn from the American lady's inclusion in such a family-ish party. A formal dinner is one thing, an intimate gathering of the clan was another. Paragraphers made a good deal of the fact that one member of the royal family was not cited among the guests. Even the most discreet commentators were thus enabled to rub it into the King and Mrs. Simpson by stating with eloquent reserve:

"Queen Mary stayed in London."

The Queen Mother, having reached by virtue of her widowhood the very apex of her popularity, the emphasis laid on her absence gave the whole incident a bad press—and, in a sense, undeservedly so. Regardless of Mrs. Simpson's presence, Queen Mary would probably not have joined the group of youthful vacationers. But either through design or lack of forethought, Edward had once more given his enemies a handle to one of the most effective weapons with which they were later to slay him—Queen Mary's alleged disapproval of her son's choice of a wife.

☆ EVEN more disastrous and almost unbelievably foolhardy was Edward's reported attempt to drive the Church into acceptance of the already once-divorced and now-again-divorcing Mrs. Simpson by his reported summoning of the Archbishops of Canterbury and York to still another of his St. James's Palace dinners in her honor.

According to the dispatches at the time, the archbishops sought a personal audience with the King and told him point-blank that they were "adamant" in refusing to attend. Presently the great Scripps-Howard chain of newspapers—which were, of course, promptly devoured by English as well as by American readers—featured the story under the following page-wide headlines:

CHURCH HEADS SNUB KING EDWARD

2 PRELATES SHUN PARTY ATTENDED BY MRS. SIMPSON

British Ruler Blushes and Appears Distressed at Private Conference with Archbishops Canterbury and York.

Once more, by what would seem to be decidedly ill-directed zeal on behalf of his American friend, he had succeeded only in exposing her and himself to quite unnecessary humiliation, and cementing in the clerics' minds a determination to be rid of both of them by whatever means seemed necessary.

☆ I COULD go on.

Every day the evidence mounted of the King's defiant attitude.

Elaborate gifts, of which florists, jewelers, and furriers were sure to tell—and did.

Announcement of his forthcoming marriage by the Hearst papers, apparently with his authority and after a lengthy conference between Mr. Hearst and Sir Godfrey Thomas, Edward's long-time private secretary and friend—before the lady's divorce decree had even been received.

Et cetera, et cetera, ad infinitum and, in retrospect, *ad absurdum!*

I have already said in these paragraphs that Edward, like many another ever-youthful man, has notably mature thoughts and notably immature emotions. While it is obvious that the latter ruled him in these matters, the former must have warned him of the danger he was facing. In a sense, then, he had the hardihood and the willingness not only to face the world for love but to face his own better judgment.

No one can quarrel with such a willingness. The trouble was that he chose to make public exhibition of it when to do so meant almost certain disaster for him and for his wife-to-be, and that if he had not done so, and had behaved with reasonable discretion and forbearance, that disaster would, in all probability, never have overtaken them.

As a long-time admirer of the former king, I would not minimize the gallantry which prompted these successive steps to his downfall or the courage with which they were executed. But the fact that London in 1936 was paved with good intentions does not keep the Windsors out of exile now.

On the cumulative effect of the blunders which we have enumerated and on the chance they gave Edward's enemies to conspire against him, rests the burden of responsibility for the tragedy of the abdication and the exile, and the even greater tragedy of the waste, at this period of the world's history, of a great and rare talent for inspiring enthusiasm and loyalty.

But it was not alone on the romantic front that Edward Windsor's timing was so fatally bad.

Just as common sense should have dictated complete disappearance of Wallis Simpson from the British scene until after the King was crowned and firmly entrenched, ordinary statesmanlike policy should have dictated postponing his battle for the poor against the interests represented by the Baldwin Cabinet until he was unseatably in the royal saddle.

If he had bided his time on his policy for the poor, the Baldwin government would not have opposed him. Or, if he could not see his way clear to do that, he might still have succeeded if, by not pressing on the marriage question, he had not given the Baldwins and the Cosmo Gordon Langs the excuse for which they were looking.

They would not have dared throw him out if the issue had been clean-cut on doing, or not doing, something for the nation's poor—and, as it turned out, they would not long have had the power to do so.

If Edward had held his horses only six more months, he could have hitched them straightway to the wedding coach, and the woman for whom he needlessly gave up so much might now be Queen of England.

Instead he rode a course which any one less distraught could have seen would be sure to madden the men who at that time were in a position to force him out.

☆ FOR example, when he went to inspect the Queen Mary before its initial voyage, he pointed out the contrast between the great ship's beauty and luxury and the ugliness and filth of the sections through which he had passed en route.

"How do you reconcile a world that has produced this mighty ship with the slums we have just visited?" he asked. "That is the problem we have to solve, and it is useless to go out and solve scientific problems if we cannot solve that."

No one can help admiring the sincerity, the forthrightness, the fundamental truth of such a statement, but any one with experience in the slow British processes of change and reform would know the futility of trying to force such a doctrine down the gullets of landlords and their governmental allies at a time when his own power to help solve these problems was still in the balance.

In the same way, before he could be sure of his power to carry out his plans, he was belaboring the Cabinet to give relief to the Welsh miners whose cause he had so courageously espoused. Such headlines as these helped neither their cause nor his:

EDWARD DEFIES CABINET SPURS AID FOR NEEDY

Baldwin, Other Ministers Face Political Crisis as King Takes "Dictator" Role

Even as late as November 19, he was not content with the government's

promise to do something for the distressed areas during the following spring, when, the coronation over, he would have been in a position to help, but pressed for immediate action.

This was the last straw that broke the Baldwin back. Twenty-one days later, the once great Edward VIII was where he could not press for action for any one—for the poor, for himself, or for the woman he loved!

What will happen to the Windsors next? Will the Duke go on to greater things? In next week's final installment are some surprising revelations and speculations.

WHAT DOES PAN-AMERICAN FRIENDSHIP MEAN?

Continued from Page 11

us which will require patience to understand. In some ways we seem uncouth to our neighbors who have been trained in other manners and customs. In some ways they seem to us not to have advanced, from the point of view of the whole population, to a standard of living which we have come to look upon as necessary for all of our citizens.

These are superficial differences, and if we really make an effort to understand them, they can be solved easily, but this will require a real effort on the part of every one of us.

For instance, a friend of mine who has recently returned from Peru insists that the rural tenant in Peru has a far more satisfying and dignified life than have our share croppers because of certain traditions and customs which surround their existence. In studying situations in other countries and comparing them with our own, we should always be looking for the things we may learn from those countries which may point to new values that we haven't recognized in daily living.

It is not enough to learn a language, if in that language you do not express your thoughts with sympathy and understanding.

It is not enough to read books, if they do not illuminate for you, through your power of imagination and vision, the people who lie behind them.

It is not enough to find things which you can buy and sell between nations, if back of the trade there does not lie a real desire for mutual benefit.

It is not enough to receive and entertain guests from other countries, if they do not feel that there is a genuine kindness back of the hospitality which is tendered them.

It is not enough to persuade other nations that their self-interest must lead them to stand with us in military defense. They must know that in peace, as well as in war, their interests will receive consideration from us which will make it of mutual advantage to stand together at all times.

THE END

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A tough day's work for Harry

HARRY NEEDS A LAXATIVE; but he's got a tough day at the office and he doesn't want anything to interfere with work.

So he puts off taking a laxative, puts off getting badly needed relief!

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JIM NEEDS A LAXATIVE; he's got a big day's work ahead, too.

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JIM FEELS MORE like himself within an hour. Sal Hepatica acts gently, thoroughly, quickly.

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DON'T PUT OFF taking a laxative just because you're all dated-up. Take speedy Sal Hepatica.

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No wonder 3 out of 5 doctors, recently interviewed, recommend Sal Hepatica.

More than a laxative, this sparkling saline gives decided help in counteracting excess gastric acidity, helps turn a sour stomach sweet again. Next time you need a laxative, try speedy, gentle Sal Hepatica.

SAL HEPATICA

"TIME TO SMILE!" Tune in on **EDDIE CANTOR**—Wednesdays at 9 P. M., E. S. T.

"Really? Are you sure the women never went hunting?"

Steve had been scared for a moment. Was Bettina planning to trail along? If so, the news must be broken to her that this safari was strictly stag.

"Diana was a huntress, wasn't she?" Bettina had demanded. "She had an arrow—I can prove it. Come down to New York and I'll show you statues—"

"That's an idea. Why not run down to New York, get a hair-do or something," Steve had suggested hastily.

☆ BETTINA had hair which looked swell to him even when she insisted that it didn't. Brown, but with glints of red. Maybe put there by the guy in New York who was the only one, according to Bettina, who could do right by her hair.

Bettina had given him an odd look. "I had a very special hair-do just two weeks ago—hadn't you noticed it?"

"It always looks very special to me."

"I wonder," she had said reflectively. Then she had given him a swift brilliant smile and said, "O. K.—you go hunting and the cave woman will stay home—maybe."

A week ago that had been. Now home was the hunter, home from the hills. At the far end of the town shone the blue light of police headquarters. A memorandum, that light, that a venison steak should go to the chief, who had been chief ever since Steve could remember.

A tough guy, the chief—but a good guy.

The light ahead was green, and big Tim McCarthy stood at the controls. Another good guy, Tim. He and Steve had gone to grammar school together. Tim had been big even then, and on one occasion had slapped Steve down as a St. Bernard might an Airedale. Only Steve hadn't stayed down. He had been smaller but wiry and he had the Allerton temper. He had literally seen red and done his best to murder Tim, until the battle had ended in a draw.

Ever since, they had been good friends. This October evening Steve, slowing down, blew his horn.

"Hi!" he yelled at Tim. "Get an eyeful of this, you big bum."

Tim, without even a glance at the buck, stared at Steve and immediately switched the traffic light to red.

Steve put his finger to his nose, stepped on the gas, crashed the light. The red light was Big Tim's idea of a joke, he thought.

He was grinning when he stopped for the next red light, trapped in traffic. He was surprised when Tim came up from behind, swung open the door of the convertible, and slid into the seat beside him, but he still grinned.

"Come to bum some of the buck out of me?" he asked. "No soap."

Tim said, "Just ease along to headquarters. The chief wants to see you."

Steve saw he wasn't joking. "What for?" he asked, the Allerton temper beginning to flare. "If you're going to be nasty about the red light, give me a ticket. I'm in a hurry—"

"The light has changed—get moving," said Tim.

Steve shifted into gear. "What's the matter—have I robbed a bank or what?" he demanded. And then, as Tim did not reply, he added quickly, "Has anything happened to—Bettina?"

"Hey, look where you're going!" Tim said. Then added, "She's all right, or anyway she was an hour ago when I saw her."

Evidently the big mule wasn't saying anything more. He looked funny; funny, peculiar. He knew what the chief wanted him for. Leichester was like that. Everybody knew everybody's business.

"It's like living next door to the recording angel," Bettina had said. "I'll bet a mill girl down the other side of the tracks can't misbehave herself without even the gang at the Country Club knowing all about it."

"And you can't misbehave yourself without the girl beyond the tracks hearing about it even quicker," Steve had told her. "So you'd better be good."

☆ THE chief was in his office, at his desk, which was an oak one. "Because," as he himself put it, "though Roosevelt built the Municipal Building, it was the city that furnished it."

He looked up at Steve, his blue eyes keen and searching. He wasn't a big man physically but he had always been powerful. Even now, at almost seventy, he was as trim and taut as his close-clipped white mustache.

"You made a fast trip," he said to Steve, and nodding toward a chair added, "Sit down."

"I'm in a hurry," Steve told him. "I—"

"I'll say you were," remarked the chief. "At four fifteen you bought your wife a ring eighty miles north, and here you are. Weren't there any speed signs along the road?"

Steve thought for the moment that that was it. He had been doing better than seventy. He didn't wonder how the chief knew about that. The chief had a way of knowing things. He got wind of trouble in the making always. As he had, ten years ago, when Steve had been but fourteen. He had found himself haled in for a talk with the chief just before Halloween.

"I hear you're going to St. Paul's next year," the chief said blandly, then. "It's a nice place and probably you'd like it better than reform school."

He had paused, rubbed his nose, and added, still blandly: "If you think so, then maybe you'd better get a police permit for any bonfires you plan to start next Tuesday night. And though I'm not saying billboards aren't an eyesore and that big one you've got your eye on isn't the worst, I don't feel as if I could give you permission to burn it up."

How the chief had gotten wind of that, Steve never knew. But he did ask, now: "How do you know I bought Bettina a ring?"

"I had an idea you might stop off somewhere and buy her a little gift," the chief explained. "You're dumb some ways, but I guess you'd be that smart. And I thought it would be a ring maybe—so I telephoned a few jewelers up north and—"

"Why a ring?" asked Steve.

"She seems to have a lot of them; a different one, it seems to me, almost every time she drops in here—"

"In here?" Steve asked, startled. "What is she doing here?"

"One of the boys brought her in, at my suggestion. You see, when she first came to town I wondered if she could read. She paid no attention to signs that said no parking, and there seemed to be something wrong with her arithmetic. Looked as if she had no idea what forty miles an hour might be. So I thought I'd have a little talk with her—"

"She never told me—"

"Why should she? You'd have fussed at her, probably. Which would have done you no good, not with Bettina. She—"

"Oh—you call her Bettina, do you?"

"Sure. We've become what my youngest granddaughter calls palsy-walsy. I call her Bettina and she calls me darling. It's my Irish eyes maybe, the come-hither in them."

Steve looked into the chief's eyes. They were a very bland blue, yet they were watching him closely.

"What are you driving at?" Steve demanded. "What's happened?"

Tim McCarthy had said Bettina was O. K.; but maybe she was in a jam. She drove like hell. Perhaps she had hurt somebody. Maybe the chief was easing into that.

The chief didn't answer. Instead he reached into the drawer of his desk, drew out a .45 automatic, placed it on the blotter.

☆ "WOULD you say it was loaded?" he asked.

"How would I know?" asked Steve.

"You wouldn't," the chief admitted. He picked up the .45, tucked it back in the drawer. "It's loaded, so I keep it where it won't harm anybody."

He looked directly at Steve. "Are you loaded?"

"Loaded? You don't mean drunk. I haven't had—"

"I don't mean drunk. I mean like the gun. You used to be set on a hair trigger as a boy. Maybe you've gotten over it, but I have my doubts. That's why I had you brought in."

He paused for an instant, then asked, "Know a man named Parker—Lieutenant Parker?"

"I know a man named Parker—Phil Parker. But he isn't a lieutenant. Wasn't, anyway."

"Well, he is now. He came up with Bettina. Drove her up in his car the first of the week. He's staying over at your house—"

"Staying at my house—with Bettina?"

"Why not? Friend of yours, isn't he?"

"Friend of mine!" Steve exploded. The Allerton temper was getting into its stride. "He's no friend of mine. He's an old beau of Bettina's. She just brought him up here to get even with me. I knew she was sore because I went hunting, but I never dreamed she'd pull a dirty trick like this—"

"What's so dirty about it? You went hunting, Bettina went to New York. Drove back with an old beau who was kind enough to bring her up—"

"Kind!" Steve roared.

"I guess you're loaded, all right," the chief said regretfully. "How about sitting down for a minute and telling me what you plan to do?"

"I won't have to sit down for that," Steve assured him with force. "I'm going home and tell Bettina what I think of her. She can't do this to me! I—"

"How about this Lieutenant Parker? You'll probably run into him."

"If he opens his trap I'll push his teeth back through the base of his brains—if any," Steve informed the chief passionately. "One word out of him and I'll—"

"He'll open his trap, all right," the chief prophesied. "So I guess I'll have to do my duty. Sorry."

☆ STEVE, half turned toward the door, glanced back at the chief. "What do you mean—duty?"

"Keep you here until you cool off a bit—"

"Me? What do you think this is? Russia? Germany? Who do you think you are? The Gestapo? You can't arrest me. What have I done?"

"Threatened a man with physical violence," the chief informed him. "I'd be neglecting my duty if I let you loose after what you've said. I'm supposed to preserve law and order, remember."

He paused, his eyes holding Steve's. Steel-blue eyes now.

"The chairs here aren't recommended for comfort, except mine," he added. "But maybe you'd prefer that one there to a cell cot. How about sitting down?"

The chief wasn't fooling. Steve knew he had been given the only choices he had. He glared, but the chief merely looked at his watch.

"I've only got fifteen minutes to roll call anyway—*sit down!*"

Steve sat down, and the chief's eyes glinted briefly.

"That's better," the chief said. "I'd rather talk to Bettina than you, but you're the pigheaded one, so—"

"Me pigheaded?" Steve flared. "I guess you don't know Bettina."

"I wouldn't be surprised if I knew her better than you do. But maybe I'm wrong about you—I hope so. For if you're not pigheaded we can talk this over, man to man, and decide what a reasonable man would do. Not the pigheaded one you were talking like a minute ago."

He paused, eyed Steve expectantly; but Steve refused to speak.

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FOR FIRMER GUMS—CLEANER TEETH

"Let's start with the beginning," suggested the chief; "get at the facts. You went up north to get yourself a buck. In the woods. Bettina went south to get herself a buck. Another kind. In New York. You brought home your buck; she brought home hers. What's wrong so far?"

"You know what's wrong," Steve said. "It's perfectly all right for a man to go hunting. It's good for him. Besides, it's part of my business. What kind of a sporting-goods dealer would I be if I never got into the woods and did some hunting? I—"

"You're good," the chief cut in. "You remind me of those lawyers I hear in court, with your talk about being a business man. But it wasn't so long ago that business could go scratch so far as you were concerned. You spent most of your time down in New York, hunting Bettina. You made her your business—made her think she was so important to you that she could give up her business—"

"Business? Bettina wasn't in any business. She was just—"

"Listen, my lad. I don't pretend to know all about women, but I've been married to one and I've had three daughters, and now I've got a fine crop of granddaughters coming along. And I'm telling you this, from what I've seen with my own eyes. Every woman is in business from the time she begins making eyes at the little boy next door. *That's* her real business, whether she's a stenographer or makes hats or—"

☆ "OH, if you mean making eyes at every man around, Bettina has always been that way," Steve admitted unpleasantly. "She's good at it."

"I'll bet she is. Just as good as you are at bringing down a buck. And I wouldn't be surprised if she was as proud of bringing down her sort of a buck, with no more than her eyes and a flirt of her head, as you are of what you can do with a gun.

"Now wait a minute. Don't tell me that she shouldn't be that way. The Lord made women so. Just as He made you and a lot of other men with a yen for another sort of hunting. You felt you had to go—"

"What harm does that do anybody? If Bettina had stayed home, or anyway not brought back that—"

Steve checked himself there, but his teeth gritted visibly, audibly.

"You didn't expect that? Why not? Remember the time you brought me a grouse you'd shot and told me how you got it? How you had to figure when you flushed a grouse just where it would fly, outguess it? I could see you'd given the matter a lot of thought; that it would take a pretty smart grouse to outwit you. If you had just studied Bettina that way you—"

"Me? Why should I? I—"

"Why the hell shouldn't you? Or maybe just getting Bettina was what counted, not keeping her. Like the grouse. You'd proved you could get it, and lost interest. That it?"

"You know that isn't so. Not about Bettina—"

"You'd miss her if she ran off with the lieutenant?"

"Not if she wants to." Steve flamed anew.

"Is that you talking? Or just your temper? Do you think Bettina has done anything wrong really? Or is it just what Leichester will think?"

"You *know* what Leichester will think."

"I know what they're thinking," the chief admitted. "I admire Bettina, but she's not what my wife would call discreet. But you knew that when you married her, didn't you?"

Steve had; but he said now, "I never thought she'd pull anything like this. Start gossip, make a fool of me—"

"Only God or yourself can make a fool of you," the chief reminded him. "I'm doing my best to keep you from doing it yourself. That's why I'm talking to you. I knew if you went

"I'll have to treat this one first—he swallowed the key to my office."

straight home and found the lieutenant there you'd have done more harm—maybe not to him but to yourself and Bettina—than you'd undo in a lifetime."

Steve started to speak but changed his mind.

"Fine—you get that, anyway," said the chief. "Now let me tell you something about women, just as you told me about grouse. I've been married for more than forty years; you haven't been married for much more than four months. I've been watching Bettina. She's been pretty bored—"

"Why should she be bored? She has lots of things to do."

"Wouldn't you be bored if you went to New York, gave up your business and your hunting and your family and friends? Just became Bettina's husband? Bettina is bored in just the way you'd be. She ought to be doing something—not just bridge and teas and movies. She and I have been talking about that—"

"You and Bettina?"

"She's got the habit somehow. Seems to be interested in what goes on. I told her I could use her as a probation officer. I think she'd make a good one—"

"Bettina—a probation officer? She'd get bored in a week."

"I'm wondering how well you really know Bettina. What kind of a girl do you think you married, anyway? Now don't tell me you married the kind that would go down to New York and come back with an old beau just because you went hunting. You know better than that—"

"What else did she do?"

"She got herself into a mess, if that's what you mean. She went to New York because you went hunting. Maybe she was sore. Maybe she thought this old beau of hers wouldn't ever leave her the way you did. Anyway, he was around, and I guess they had a pretty good time together—"

"I'll bet they did," Steve put in grimly.

"Well, you had fun hunting; but you came home. She had fun, too; but she was coming home, coming back to you—"

"Bringing her old beau with her! Setting the town by the ears. You needn't tell me what Leichester is saying about this. I know what everybody thinks—"

"You mean you know what they are thinking now. But what they will think, now that you're back, is whatever you want them to think. If you seem to think it's all right, so will they, in the end."

"Nuts they will. They'll think that Bettina can get away with murder. And so will Bettina. If I let her brazen this out—"

"She'd brazen it out anyway. That would be Bettina. She'd never let on she's scared, half sick—"

"Scared and half sick about what?"

"About what is going to happen when you get there. She'd probably never tell you just what happened. That she was just having a cocktail with this lieutenant and saying about how she must get home, and he, having had a couple himself, suggested driving her up. They were both feeling grand at the moment, I don't doubt—"

☆ "IS this what she tells you? Her story?"

"I haven't seen her. But I know Bettina and I'd trust her. I wouldn't mind having her for a daughter or a granddaughter. And if I were you I'd be proud to have her for a wife."

"And go home and kiss the lieutenant and thank him for bringing her up? What's he hanging around for, anyway? Even if he drove her up, he could have gone back—"

"It was midnight when they got here, so she put him in the guestroom. She hadn't done anything wrong. But, just the same, I'll bet she wishes he were back in New York, and that he knows how she's feeling and wishes the same."

"You might have the prowl car remove him," Steve suggested satirically.

The chief said, "I've got a better idea than that. I—"

He stopped. The phone on his desk demanded his ear.

"Chief speaking. Oh, yes. Well, the

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

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report says your car was within ten feet of the hydrant, lieutenant, but maybe that had been camouflaged. I hear that you are in that end of the service, and I'd like to have you give the boys here a little talk on camouflaging, maybe . . . What, leaving town tonight? Well, at roll call then. That will give you five minutes to get here, if you hurry. Fix it? Sure; glad to."

He put the phone back on its stand. "That was Parker speaking. I had his car tagged this afternoon just in case I wanted to talk to him. He didn't sound as if he minded cutting his visit short, and when he asked Bettina if she minded she told him not at all, to run along at once."

The chief glanced at his big silver watch. "The boys will be in for roll call in a few minutes," he said. "And the lieutenant won't lose any time getting here, I'm thinking."

He rubbed his nose, looked at Steve, and grinned. "My flatfoots'll enjoy the buck you're leaving for them. A bit of venison will remove the taste of the lieutenant's talk from their mouths."

"The buck I'm leaving?"

"I had it taken from your car. That's only fair. I've removed Bettina's buck because he'd be no help to you and Bettina getting together, and that's true of your buck, too. I wouldn't recommend any venison for a while in your diet—or Bettina's. Women are that way."

"What am I supposed to do—eat crow? You said I talked like a lawyer. How about you? You've made it sound as if it were all my fault—"

"Not all your fault, Steve. At the worst, you weren't smart—as you are with a grouse. I'm just suggesting you be smart now. You can say she got herself into a mess; that it's her mess. But if you're half the man I hope you are, you'll agree that any mess she gets into is your mess too.

"I've only tried to make it clear to you how she got into the mess and to keep you from making it a big mess. If you care anything about her, you'll get her out of the mess. If you don't care, that's your business, not mine."

He rose from his chair, faced Steve.

"My flatfoots are in," he said. "Waiting for roll call. I'll walk to the car with you—I need a bit of air—and on the way I'll give you another bit of advice I think good."

☆ THE October night was mild, soft-starred. The light was switched on on the porch when Steve got home. As he swung the convertible into the drive, something suddenly swelled in his heart. He blew his horn. The front door opened and there was Bettina.

A moment later she was in his arms, he was kissing her.

"She'll be funny when you kiss her," the chief had said. "Wondering if you know and what you think."

Bettina *was* funny, though her lips were very sweet.

"Have you been behaving yourself?" Steve asked, still holding her close.

Her eyes searched his. "Not much," she said defiantly. "Phil Parker drove up. I—I'm afraid I didn't realize how much of a sensation his staying here would cause in a town like this—"

She stopped short, looked startled, then incredulous. Steve was following directions.

"It will draw the blood from her brain and ease tension," the chief had assured him.

"She'll murder me—Bettina would never stand for that," Steve had said.

"She'll love it," the chief had insisted. "Even though she may pretend not to. Not hard ones exactly, nor just love pats, understand. Just four or five of them where they'll do her the most good."

Steve didn't count. He gave her maybe four or five or six.

"Why—why, you brute!" she gasped, rubbing the spot he had spanked. "That really hurt!"

But she wasn't mad. For, still rubbing herself, she glanced up and looked at Steve. Then, "You still love me?" she asked breathlessly.

"And how!" said Steve, drawing her back into his arms again.

The phone rang. Bettina freed herself, went to answer it. Steve followed her.

"Oh—hello, darling," she said. She looked up hastily at Steve and explained. "It's the chief."

"It better *had* be," said Steve, tweaking the ear that was not busy.

"He wants to know if you got home all right—and how we are," Bettina reported, a bit puzzled.

But Steve understood.

"Tell him we're doing fine," he directed. "Tell him that we're starting life anew without a buck to our name, thanks to him. And that we're much obliged."

THE END

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Hitler's youthful victims venerate the Führer almost as a deity.

Hitler will Lose *This* War

BY FRITZ THYSSEN

☆ IN declaring war on Poland, Hitler had not foreseen that this time France and Great Britain would take up the glove. Afterward, he hoped to the last moment that he would be able to manipulate them by diplomacy and propaganda. But when he realized the futility of his efforts, he risked all on one stake.

Hitler will lose this war. That is my conviction. And he could have obtained the fulfillment of any reasonable desires if he had pursued a sensible policy. He had only to live and let live. Every one would have agreed that the war of 1914-18 had been the sequel to a series of political faults. But Hitler brutally refused to consider any solution of Germany's problems that was based upon sound policy, and he thrust Europe into this new disaster with his eyes wide open.

Why Germany-to-be must have a Catholic monarchy

The methods of the Hitlerian conquest in Poland, as described in the official documents, were the first confirmation of a rebirth of the barbaric ages in the twentieth century. The aggression against Denmark, Norway, Poland, Belgium, and Luxemburg afforded further proof, if it was needed, that in the exercise of the "right of the stronger," Hitler's Germany is in no wise restrained by respect for its own given word or for law, and is prepared to brave the indignation and the contempt of all civilized peoples. Since then the German army, under Hitler's leadership, has overpowered countries which count among the oldest and the most highly developed in Europe, which possess the finest and the most venerable spiritual traditions. All this has been menaced by the total war, and the menace extends to my Rhenish home.

Peace Terms: There Must Be No Third Pan-German Menace

That the thrust of the barbaric hordes to the west will eventually prove to have been futile is my conviction. But the peace terms must be such as to make any further aggression westward impossible. None of the countries attacked harbored expansionist designs or menaced the existence of the German Empire. The England of today is no longer the colonial conqueror of earlier times. She is now a country like other countries, at the head of a commonwealth of free peoples in all parts of the world. She has never dreamed of abusing her technical force to terrorize her neighbors. France had definitely renounced any ideas of conquest. Hitler's behavior is one more proof that an evildoer invariably credits others with his own intentions.

Under Hitler, a Great Germany has again emerged as a peril to the life of the free peoples of Europe. It would be folly to run the risk of such a dangerous adventure for a third time. Without, as within, the Hitlerian regime, as demonstrated by Hermann Rauschning, is nothing but total nihilism. The peace that will follow Hitler's defeat must guarantee Europe against a renewal of such a policy.

Within Germany, the Hitlerian regime has attempted to ensnare in its nihilism souls and consciences. A deep gulf has once more been opened between the real Germany, that of the west, and the Prussian Germany of the east. At the present moment the Catholic populations of the west are not in a position to rebel. But they will never forget the outrages committed upon their religion, their priests, their most sacred feelings. The abyss between the two Germanys can never be bridged.

How to Salvage a True Germany from Nihilism and Prussia

What must be saved is the true Germany, that of the west. It must continue to play its part in a civilization to which it has largely contributed in the past and will do so in the future. The Germans of the west must be guaranteed those fundamental rights which are the patrimony of all

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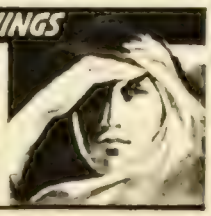

The ROSICRUCIANS (AMORC)

peoples of the west; in the first place, that of freedom of conscience. They must also be able to defend themselves against a resurgence of foreign tyranny.

After the anti-Catholic excesses of the Nazis, which were supported by Prussia proper, I can but see one solution and but one safeguard—namely, that Catholic Germany should become a Catholic monarchy.

What a Catholic Monarchy Would Mean to Western Europe

A return to a monarchical system would not merely be an attempt to renew a respectable historical tradition. Since the last war, the German people have shown that they are incapable of adjusting themselves to democratic institutions. They do not know how to utilize them. Moreover, the re-establishment of two German monarchies, one in the west and the other in the east, would enable each to affirm its own policy. Western Germany would quite naturally return to the traditions of its ancestors in the sphere of Christianity. Prussia might once more resume its own special role as a territory of settlement, established by the Brandenburg Electors and their successors, the Kings of Prussia. Who knows? Once freed of its lust for conquest, that country might one day exercise a useful and pacific influence in the east of Europe.

There is nothing utopian in this suggestion. The difference between the two regions of Germany is insufficiently realized abroad. The unity achieved by Bismarck was unnatural, but was finally approved by the populations concerned. The alleged definitive unification of Germany which Hitler claims as his own is, like all the acts of the regime, merely a surface phenomenon. The former German states have disappeared in theory; but to call Austria the Ostmark cannot deprive it of its political and regional individuality. And the official elimination of Bavaria as a territory does not mean the disappearance of that country as such.

"The Führer Is Always Right" —but Not in the Rhineland

The modern form of religious intolerance invented by the National Socialists is in complete contradiction to the true German spirit and historical tradition since the sixteenth century. Even in Prussia of the eighteenth century, Frederick II was wont to say: "To every man his own heaven." What is more, the absolutism of the Nazi leaders, their demand for servility, are completely foreign to our Germany of the west, whose people resent as an outrage to their personal dignity the suppression of all human rights, of freedom of conscience and of liberty of opinion. The revolt is latent but awaits its opportunity.

In the Germany of the east the population seems to have adjusted itself more easily. The extension to all fields of the Prussian military discipline—"Obey; do not think"—has been quite naturally accepted there. "The Führer is always right"—this is the modernized form of "Obey; do not think." Is this servility an emanation of the Slav character? I am inclined to believe so. Never in western Europe, even before the French Revolution, has there been such contempt for the individual.

What is necessary is merely to retrace the frontier between Europe of the west and Europe of the east. The true Germany, with its western traditions, must be separated from Prussia, which belongs to the east. This task, it is clear, cannot be carried out by the Germans alone. But the solution of the problem on purely military lines would in the long run be as precarious after this war as after the last. The victors could not occupy foreign territory indefinitely. What must be done is to devise a thoroughly effective system, capable of keeping itself going.

This Time, Clear the Way for a Real United States of Europe

Moreover, the Powers should be actuated by a new political spirit. In the Europe of today there can be no permanent supremacy. To believe that a great country can for long be reduced to impotency is a dangerous illusion. The terrible hour of awakening that has struck for Europe is a definite proof of the obsolete character of the Treaty of Versailles. All that must be done is to remove the obstacles to the future constitution of the United States of Europe.

The economic field may perhaps prove the most fertile in new solutions. What, at bottom, is of far more interest to the peoples of Europe than the ruinous dreams of dictators who finally let loose the dogs of war is the building up of a sound economic organization under which all peoples can live, develop, and prosper.

The persecution of the Jews and the attempt to deprive the German Protestants of their freedom of conscience are acts of considerable moral significance. But the former is without serious *political* consequences in the country itself. The Jewish minority was too small and too scattered. The *economic* consequences may be more serious. It is difficult to forecast them at present.

Nazi "German Christianity" and Blood-and-Soil Barbarism

The persecution of the Protestants is less spectacular, but it has a far deeper significance. It was not on religious grounds nor for avowable reasons of state that the Nazi leaders wished to unify German Protestantism by the appointment of a head of the Church, a figurehead really, with the title of "Bishop of the Reich." The object they had in mind was quite different. They wished to make German Protestantism into a kind of State religion, despoiled of all Christian principles. To delude the simple-minded, they termed their new re-

ligious system "German Christianity." This enterprise foundered on the solid rock of the resistance of the congregations and of clergymen like Martin Niemoeller.

As a matter of fact, National Socialism is not a political system. Rather, it is intended to represent a philosophy and a moral conception. This philosophy is summed up in the phrase *Blut und Boden* (blood and soil). The gist of it is as follows: Blood and the soil have engendered man. Man is a product of Nature, to which he is linked by every fiber. The blood which flows in his veins endows him with a mysterious force—the life of the ancestors whom he reincarnates. He has profound affinities with the soil on which he is born and from which he draws his sustenance. He represents a tiny fraction of world energy. His rule of action must be to exploit this force to the utmost of his power.

What a Blue-Ribbon Sire Adolf Would, if Possible, Have Made!

Thus, for the Nazis, man is degraded to the level of a domestic animal. His studbook must be supervised. It is seriously affirmed that Nietzsche's superman can be produced by careful breeding. The strict rules imposed for the marriage, or rather the mating, of Himmler's SS troops all point this way. Unfortunate for Hitler that he can have no personal part in this matter! What unexpected results might not have been obtained by the carefully studied mating of the Führer of all the Germans!

This conception of man leaves no room for individual morality, for the responsibility of the reasoning being to his own conscience, or for a religion based upon the supernatural.

These are the principles according to which Hitler governs the German people. He has succeeded in contaminating the majority of the younger generation. His youthful victims are capable of courage, obedience, and devotion to the service of the race as a whole, of which they regard themselves as fragments. For them, the race is represented by Germany; its most powerful expression is to be found in the person of the Führer, whom they venerate almost as a deity. To their schoolmasters, in those medievally named "*Ordensburg*" schools where the Nazis educate the future elite of the nation—or, at least, to the director of one such school that I visited—man is a machine, and the object of his schooling is simply to get the machine into proper running.

Young Pagan Robots Are Easy to Rule—and to Feed to Cannon

Such a materialism goes much further than the doctrines of Karl Marx. A dictatorship has no use for personality. A nation of robots is easier to govern. This is the underlying meaning of this so-called philosophy of blood and soil. It is simple to realize what a political instrument this may be in the hands of unscrupulous leaders, filled with contempt for the people they rule, in particular the working classes.

In some Protestant regions the Nazis did succeed in persuading many to recant. Practically all the young people forming part of the SS have gone back upon Christianity. So have the chiefs of the young Hitlerite organizations. Many are converts to the new German paganism.

Thyssen Sums Up in His Own Defense: Why He Backed Hitler

As for myself, I have now broken with a long past, with a course of conduct which, in all circumstances, especially after the defeat of 1918, was actuated by the ardent desire to promote the greatness and prosperity of an empire in which I was born two years after its foundation and for which I have worked all my life.

I am not a politician. But in a crisis-ridden state like Germany from 1918 to 1933, an industrialist gravitates, willy-nilly, into the political whirlpool. After 1930, the aspirations of German industry could be summed up as follows: "Sound economy in a strong state." This was, I remember, the password of a meeting of the Ruhr industrialists in 1931. During that winter there were six or seven million unemployed; that is, about one third of the entire German laboring population. The Weimar Republic was torn asunder by strife, and the ship of State was at the foundering point.

I myself approved that password. This was why I was for the restoration of the monarchy. By adhering to Hitler and his party, I believed that I should contribute to the reinstatement of a government and of an order which would enable all branches of activity in the State, business in particular, to function again normally.

What He Expected of National Socialism, and What He Didn't

But the strong State of which I then dreamed had nothing in common with the totalitarian State, or rather the caricature of a State, realized by Hitler and his minions. As a Catholic, born on the shores of that mighty Rhine where the influence of Western and Roman law had been stronger than in other parts of Germany, where Christianity had been early implanted and which the French Revolution had marked with its seal, I was incapable of believing that it was possible in our time to destroy all the normal conditions of human and political life.

I should have been astonished in 1930 if any one had called me a liberal. But this was in all probability my real conviction. Before the war of 1914-18, the Prussian and Imperial monarchy, absolute in the political and administrative domain, had been liberal in the social and economic field. Notwithstanding certain mistakes, the political personnel of the former regime and, in particular, its very efficient officials, had almost al-

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ways been able to cope with the demands of their task. Of this system, the very fundaments were destroyed by the defeat and the revolution of 1918. Instead of straining every nerve toward recovery, Germany was submerged by anarchy and radicalism.

The internal crisis was aggravated by the pressure exercised by the victors. It made itself felt not only in the political field but also in business —which it burdened with a formidable mortgage, the war reparations.

To cope with the pressure from abroad, I organized the passive resistance during the occupation of the Ruhr in 1923. To combat radicalism in the early years of the Weimar Republic, I supported the semi-military patriotic organizations, among which was the National Socialist Party. Later, when the evolution appeared to have resumed a more normal course, I had to return to business. But the modification of the reparations system in 1929 and the acceptance of the Young Plan in 1930 appeared to me as a vital economic mistake. I adhered to the group of those who opposed the Reich's policy of compliance. Like many of the right wing, I was under the impression that Hitler was an active factor in Germany's recovery, and this was why I gave him ever-increasing support.

How It Began to Dawn on Him That All Nazi "Law" Is Illegal

In January, 1933, the National Socialist Party, to which I had been attached for two years, came into office. I thought, like every one else, that it would succeed in restabilizing the situation. I even hoped that it would finally lead to a restoration of the monarchy. My disappointment dates almost from the beginning of the regime. But I was inhibited then by the impression produced by the burning of the Reichstag. Today I know that this alleged Communist crime was engineered by Hitler and Göring as the first step in a colossal political swindle. On the strength of it, the Nazi leaders extorted from President Hindenburg a so-called Law of Suspects, authorizing summary execution and enabling them to silence any political opponent.

The same law "for the protection of the people and the State" was adduced by the Gestapo as a pretext for confiscating illegally my own property. It suspended all the fundamental constitutional guaranties of personal liberty, of freedom of conscience and of opinion. These guaranties are still in abeyance. An emergency law has become an instrument of government.

One month later a trembling Reichstag, one hundred of whose members had been imprisoned, voted that law conferring the full powers which lie at the root of all the arbitrary acts of the regime since 1933—revolutionary acts, which observed the forms of legality but were in fact based upon a crime and a lie. All the laws, all the decrees enacted by the National Socialist government are illegal.

How Göring Gulled Him in '33 about the Reichstag Fire

This today is my conviction, but for six years I was inhibited by my illusions. On March 1, 1933, Göring, an officer of the former Imperial army, holder of the *Ordre pour la mérite,* showed me the smoking Reichstag ruins. "This," he said, "is a Communist crime; yesterday I myself nearly arrested one of the criminals." Two months earlier he had telephoned to my house to warn me that a rebellion was about to break out in the Ruhr and that I headed the list of the proposed hostages. He said he had been informed by his spies in the Communist Party. How could I have doubted his word? Instead, I began to collaborate openly with the regime.

That day of June 30, 1934, when Hitler gave orders for the brutal murder of his companions in revolution, revolted and terrified me. There was something absolutely un-German in such a massacre. It was sheer barbarity. Some months after, I went to South America on business for several months. On my return, I found the regime solidly established. It had launched that policy of "pyramid-building" and rearmament which was to lead Schacht to resign. From that moment I entered into conflict with the Nazi Party.

You Can't Reason with Hitler, Either; Thyssen Tried

On September 1, 1939, as I have said, I addressed to the Nazi leaders a formal protest against war. The events that followed have justified this action.

Hitler and his advisers turned the deaf ear. They think that they can force Fate to fight on their side. The atrocity of the war they have unleashed on Europe will fall back upon them and—unfortunately—on their willing tool, the German people.

I firmly believe that the peace which will follow Hitler's downfall will be concluded in the light of the experience gained since 1918. This story of the political error which led me to believe in Hitler and of how I came to discard that belief is my contribution to a better future.

THE END

After writing these memoirs in the spring of 1940, Fritz Thyssen vanished from the French Riviera. Since then it has been persistently rumored that he is Hitler's prisoner. But how could Nazis have seized him then without all the world learning of it? For the answer, well authenticated—and sensational in the extreme—read HOW THYSSEN WAS KIDNAPED, a disclosure by Valeriu Marcu, in Liberty next week!

Pictures you ought to see

By Howard Barnes

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

★ ★ ★½ HOLD BACK THE DAWN

An awful lot of entertainment is packed into Paramount's Hold Back the Dawn. What with Charles Boyer playing an attractive scoundrel and making love alternately to Paulette Goddard and Olivia de Havilland, it has a terrific emotional wallop. Add to that a novel story twist, a swell production, and snatches of gripping melodrama and you have a bang-up show.

The story itself is a natural. Boyer turns up at the Paramount studio. He catches a big director off guard and tells him a tale for $500. It is the tale of his flight from war-torn Europe and his efforts to get into this country. The camera cuts back and picks up the narrative in a series of brilliant episodes. You see a Rumanian adventurer landing in a Mexican border town and going broke and a little mad as he waits for the quota to let him enter the United States. You see him coached by his former dancing partner, played by Paulette Goddard, to marry an American tourist and desert her as soon as he has crossed over into the Utopia of refugees. A California schoolteacher is the victim of his romantic skulduggery, but before the film is over he really falls in love with the girl.

Call it a pat plot, if you want. It stands up with banners flying in this production. There are touches of irresistible comedy in the show. The love story is believable and moving. The melodramatics of the ending, when the heel of a hero breaks across the border and becomes involved in a spectacular chase, are stunning. Meanwhile there is a background of human existence among a group of people searching for the promised land which is wholly appealing.

Appropriately enough Paramount has cast a number of refugee actors in the roles of refugees waiting for visas in a scorched Mexican village. New stuff has been worked into an original screen design in Hold Back the Dawn.

Boyer has had a checkered career in Hollywood, but this performance, on top of his work in All This and Heaven Too, should make him a drawing card of the first order. He may not have much variety in his acting, but he has that tremendous intensity that adds up to plenty in the movies. Olivia de Havilland is impetuously naïve as the schoolteacher who falls for a scoundrel's tricks, and Paulette Goddard is as scheming a demimondaine as you will run across. Young or old, male or female, it seems to me that moviegoers will go for most of Hold Back the Dawn.

(Paramount.)

HOWARD BARNES

Howard Barnes has been movie critic for the New York Herald Tribune for five years. During the past year he has broadcast over WOR five nights a week at midnight as a roving critic covering theater and movie openings, the opera, night clubs, etc. He was born in London of American parents, went to school in Philadelphia, spent a pre-college year studying at Queens' College, Oxford, and got his A. B. with honors at Yale in 1925. For a year he worked at the Sorbonne, studied music, and traveled widely in Europe. On his return to America in the fall of 1926, he started as a cub reporter on the New York World. Later he became Alexander Woollcott's assistant in the dramatic department and spent a summer as music critic. He also wrote monthly articles for Theater Magazine and later a series for Stage Magazine. In 1928 he went to the Herald Tribune as dramatic reporter, soon advancing to assistant dramatic editor and assistant dramatic critic. Then, in 1936, he replaced Richard Watts, Jr., as movie critic.

★ ★ ★ NAVY BLUES

It's hard to go wrong with a service film these days. Even with wretched story material, Navy Blues has enough to do with the stuff that people are thinking about at the moment to sneak by as entertainment. As a matter of fact, it's more than uniforms that turns the trick. With two crazy clowns like Jack Oakie and Jack Haley in the leading gob assignments and the "oomph girl" Ann Sheridan and big-mouthed Martha Raye doing feminine cut-ups, this Warner Brothers production has a top-notch company. When the cast is left to its own devices, it generally sees to it that the film is funny. When the players have to follow script directions, it's a ho-hum show.

What the boys were thinking of who wrote the photoplay is something of a mystery to me. The chances are that they shot it off the cuff, as the saying goes. For there isn't much gray matter or imagination apparent in a tale of two gambling sailors who have to go to extraordinary lengths to keep a gunnery expert on their battleship and win a flock of bets. The girls help them of course, somewhat against their will. Miss Sheridan even takes a try at hog-calling in Honolulu, of all places, to keep the sharpshooter from leaving the navy and going back to his Iowa farm.

She is up on her toes all the time in Navy Blues. What I like especially about her performance is the fact that she is really trying to put over a part, instead of merely being a sultry siren. Miss Raye, in a lamentable part, is hard to take, but I have found that true about her even when she had a good part. Oakie and Haley, as the gob gamblers, save what can be saved of the show. And Herbert Anderson is not at all bad as the champion gun pointer who misses the cows and chickens. A bit better script and this show might have been good going all the way.

(Warner Brothers.)

★ ★ ★ LYDIA

Lydia is for the ladies. In a sumptuous screen tapestry, it spins the life story of a grand old spinstress. It tells of her first love affair with a Harvard football player which almost ended in an elopement. There is a broken betrothal with a doctor who is the son of her grandmother's butler. In various passages one learns of the unswerving devotion of a blind pianist. And at the heart of the film is the great romance which kept her a spinstress, although the man in the case quite forgot her.

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people are marred by extremely bad make-up. In spite of its flaws, the ladies will like Lydia.

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☆ LIBERTY'S BOOK TIP ☆

by Donald Gordon

(For eleven years Donald Gordon's opinions and ratings of new books have been used by some 25,000 libraries and bookstores. His Book Tip will be a weekly feature for readers of Liberty.)

THE SUN SHALL GREET THEM, by David Rame.

Novelists of the future seeking material about one of the great heroic episodes of history would do well to recall Rame's book, just published. Itself a novel, with a subordinated love story, it is in essence the most vivid and exciting story of the small-boat rescue of the forces trapped at Dunkirk we ever expect to see written. And it is the story of the revival of a man's belief in his kind. By all means get it.

(*The Macmillan Company.*)

40 ANSWERS by DOW RICHARDSON

to his questions on Page 23

1—Prime Minister Winston Churchill. At the sudden flight of Rudolph Hess, No. 3 Nazi, to Scotland, May 10, he seized the opportunity to hint of a split in German leadership.

2—Woodrow Wilson, in his campaign for the Democratic Presidential nomination in 1912.

3—The Swedish geographer Kjellen, and not Hitler or Professor Karl E. Haushofer, as is often misstated. Haushofer borrowed the term from Kjellen, applying it to what he argued was Germany's need for "living room."

4—Herbert Hoover, envisioning growing prosperity when he was President.

5—James A. Farley. He said it in a speech about Governor Alf M. Landon in 1936 when it appeared that the latter would be the Republican Presidential nominee. For a while the remark showed signs of assuming as much importance as the "Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion" blunder of 1884.

6—Henry Ford, who took the Peace Ship to Europe in an effort to end the first World War.

7—Warren G. Harding, calling for tranquillity after the turbulent war years under Wilson. Speaking at Boston in May, 1920, Harding said, "America's present need is not heroics but healing; not rostrums but normalcy; not revolution but restoration; not surgery but serenity."

8—William Graham Sumner of Yale. At the time he coined the phrase, more than three decades ago, Professor Sumner was referring to the harried bourgeoisie, which he pictured as always footing the bill. Professor Raymond Moley picked up the term for Franklin D. Roosevelt, who applied it in 1932 to the proletariat.

9—John L. Lewis. He applied it to former Vice-President John Nance Garner, who he believed was responsible for attacks on labor in Congress, particularly the attempts to amend the wage-hour law.

10—Hugh S. Johnson, then NRA Administrator. Johnson ascribes the phrase to Robert S. Allen, the newspaper columnist, but he himself used it once it had been suggested by Allen.

11—Herbert Hoover. In a letter to Senator William E. Borah, February 28, 1928, he said, "Our country has deliberately undertaken a great social and economic experiment, noble in motive and far-reaching in purpose." Hoover repeated the statement in his address at Stanford University accepting the Republican nomination for President.

12—Franco's General Emilio Mola, during the siege of Madrid, and not Franco himself (to whom it is often attributed). Mola used the term to describe the nationalist supporters inside the loyalist-held city.

13—Harry L. Hopkins, the President's close adviser. It was reported that he made the remark as a prediction of a perpetual New Deal. Hopkins denied it, but newspapermen insisted they had not misquoted him.

14—Alfred E. Smith, at the celebrated reconciliation with Governor Franklin Roosevelt of New York, after a bitter struggle for the Democratic Presidential nomination in 1932. The exchange took place at the New York State Democratic convention in Albany. Jim Farley, who overheard the conversation between the two men, says the whimsical language was put into Smith's mouth by Fred Storm, a Press Association correspondent, and that what Smith actually said was, "Hello, Frank. I'm glad to see you."

15—Neville Chamberlain.

16—Professor Walter B. Pitkin of Columbia University. He wrote a best selling book by that title.

17—Harold L. Ickes. He alluded to Thomas E. Dewey.

18—Ickes, speaking of Wendell L. Willkie.

19—Rudolph Hess, to Scottish home guards who took him into custody after his astonishing flight to Britain.

20—H. R. H. the Duke of Windsor, then Edward VIII of England. The broadcast came as the King abdicated his throne for love.

21—Calvin Coolidge, then Governor of Massachusetts. He made the statement when he called out the state militia to patrol the city of Boston after the city's police force had gone on strike.

22—Upton Sinclair, the novelist, who ran for Governor of California in 1934.

23—Herbert Hoover, in a speech at New York in 1928 while campaigning for President. Hoover said: "We are challenged with a peacetime choice between the American system of rugged individualism and a European philosophy of diametrically opposed doctrines—doctrines of paternalism and state socialism."

24—W. Lee O'Daniel. He used it as a slogan in his race for Governor of Texas and sales drive for Hillbilly flour.

25—John Kieran, of the New York Times staff, was first to use the phrase, which the press later shortened to "brain trust."

26—Neville Chamberlain.

27—Huey Long's. This was one of his slogans during the period when he was warring against the Roosevelt administration and striving to build up a national following. He pictured an annual income of $5,000 for every male American.

28—Secretary of the Interior Harold L. Ickes, in a speech attacking what he charged was a select element possessing an unfairly large share of the nation's wealth. The phrase was the title of a book by Thurman Arnold, now the government's "trust buster," and was borrowed by Ickes for one of his blasts at enemies of the New Deal.

29—Roy Howard, the publisher. Howard used the phrase in a letter to President Roosevelt, August 16, 1935, in which he told the President that many business men, once supporters of the New Deal, were now hostile as well as frightened and wanted a respite. Roosevelt's reply was that his basic program of reform and recovery had reached "substantial completion and the 'breathing spell' of which you speak is here."

30—Mark Sullivan says that an unnamed reporter in New York City put the words into the mouth of Harry M. Daugherty, campaign manager for Warren G. Harding. The reporter was trying to get Daugherty to talk about the approaching Republican Convention in Chicago and suggested that the nomination would be made in some back room of a hotel by a small group of managers. He said he presumed the conferees would be expected to surrender at 2 A. M. in a smoke-filled room. Daugherty, unaffected by the taunt, retorted carelessly, "Make it two eleven."

31—The delegates to the Republican National Convention of 1936 spoke and sang the words to the tune of Three Blind Mice, therein disparaging the efforts of the New Deal since its advent to power in 1933.

32—President Franklin D. Roosevelt, commenting on the Supreme Court's ruling which invalidated the code-making provisions of the NIRA. The decision was made in the A. L. Schechter Poultry Company case, and the court ruled Congress had no authority to tell a poultry dealer whose activities did not directly affect interstate commerce what wages he should pay his help and how long they should work. The President charged the court had taken from the federal government control over economic and social conditions. The decision, he charged, took the nation back to "the horse-and-buggy days."

33—William H. (Bill) Terry, manager of the New York Giants. The Giants were leading the league in 1934, needed one victory to clinch the pennant, and there were two games left to play. Both were with Brooklyn, and the Dodgers won them, allowing the St. Louis Cardinals to capture the flag.

34—Winston Churchill, on succeeding Neville Chamberlain as Prime Minister of Great Britain, told his people, "I have nothing to offer you but blood, toil, tears, and sweat."

35—John Franklin Carter, New Deal columnist who writes under the name of Jay Franklin. He used it first in an article for Vanity Fair, and Raymond Moley passed it on to Franklin Roosevelt, who employed it with great effect in accepting the Presidential nomination in 1932.

36—"Tippecanoe" was the nickname of William Henry Harrison, who had won a battle against Tecumseh's Indians. He was the Whig candidate for President in 1840 and John Tyler was on the ticket for Vice-President. The slogan was the Whig campaign cry. In 1884 James G. Blaine, the Republican Presidential nominee, neglected to rebuke the Rev. Samuel D. Burchard for describing the Democratic Party as the party of "Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion." It alienated a large bloc of voters and cost Blaine the Presidency.

37—Franklin D. Roosevelt. The passage is from his second inaugural address.

38—When France went down under the Nazi onslaught and Britain stood alone against the foe, Winston Churchill roused his countrymen with these words: "Let us therefore brace ourselves to our duty and so bear ourselves that if the British Commonwealth and Empire last for a thousand years, men will still say, 'This was their finest hour.'"

39—A political bargain which anti-New Deal writers charged had been made by the Roosevelt administration with the Huey Long machine. The national administration, it was asserted, dismissed tax suits that had been filed against some of Long's followers. The litigation was dropped when the feud between Washington and the State of Louisiana ended, and federal funds for public works projects were restored to the state.

40—Westbrook Pegler, the columnist, thus rhapsodized about the Walt Disney film, Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs.

IT'S THE EARLY PILL THAT GETS THE WORMS! I learned from experience. Let 'em go too far—and it's just too bad! My Boss looked up my symptoms in the Sergeant's DOG BOOK, and gave me SURE SHOT CAPSULES—just in time.

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Take it all back

☆ SO that was that.

The affair, begun with a flirtation at a country-club dance on the ninth of September, came abruptly to an end in the Tally-ho Tavern shortly after midnight on the eighteenth of April. The quarrel flared up as suddenly as a piece of magnesium wire and lasted four minutes and forty-three seconds. When it began, Virginia Alleyn and Stafford Gary were —although nothing conclusive had been said about it—teetering on the dizzy brink of matrimony; when it was over, they were just a couple of young people who had wasted seven months on each other and were gratified to have had their eyes opened in time.

Stuffy snapped his fingers at a waiter and demanded the check. Ginya brought out a little vanity case (his present to her on her twentieth birthday) and did things to her complexion, which was in no possible need of improvement. He held her cape for her and she thanked him very much.

He brought his car to the Tavern's New Jersey-Elizabethan door and she took her place beside him in a silence that had icicles clinging to it. His silence, on the other hand, maintained a temperature well above 212 degrees Fahrenheit.

It isn't what you quarrel about: It's the unpardonable things you say in the course of the row. Thus the subject of their disagreement was a young man named Avery Chilcott. Ginya stated, with some justice, that Avery was a Marvelous Dancer; Stuffy maintained, and there was much to be said for the contention, too, that Avery was a Slug. You might have expected them to reach an amicable compromise (that, for instance, he was a Marvelous Dancer *but* a Slug; or vice versa), for Avery was a matter of the highest unimportance to both of them.

But no. One thing led to another as one thing so often does. Ginya grew devastating, if not very funny, about Stuffy's own weaknesses as a dancer. Stuffy was moved to a remark, far from impersonal, about judging people by the company they keep. It wasn't long before Ginya sneered openly at Struggling Young Aeronautical Engineers, and that was the beginning of the end. Stuffy had the last word, because by the time he finished what he had to say Ginya was determined never to speak to him again. . . .

He stood stiffly behind her on the Alleyns' porch while she fumbled the key out of her bag. She jabbed it into the lock like a stiletto into somebody's vitals. With the hall light striking sparks from her hair, she half turned and jerked her head in dismissal. Stuffy's right hand, feeling that this leave-taking left much to be desired, began to rise in a conciliatory gesture, but just then the door slammed

Maybe it wasn't entirely her fault Maybe it was the inevitable result of modern civilization or economic royalism or plain out-and-out snobbery. Bring a girl up that way—expensive schools, and a fat allowance, and servants to wait on her hand and foot, and summer resorts and winter resorts (yes, and spring resorts, most years), everything she might want, without lifting an eyebrow, much less a hand—and what could you expect? Just what you got. A what-you-call-'em. A parasite. A masterpiece of artificiality.

Where would she get standards to judge men by? How could you expect her to see the essential difference between a slug like Avery Chilcott and a—well, a man, anyhow—like Stuffy Gary? Not a chance. . . .

A parasite, he repeated to himself as he got into bed with a violence that undid all the bedclothes. *The hell with her,* he added, turning off the light. *I'm going to sleep.*

And he didn't.

☆ FORTY-SEVEN hours and nineteen minutes elapsed. Stafford Gary was in his bed again. He was engaged once more in an attempt to induce slumber by telling himself to go to sleep, blast it.

The telephone on the bed table rang sharply. Stuffy groped for the lamp, upset the alarm clock into the ash tray, and swore. The telephone was angrily insistent. He found it in the dark and spoke in no cordial tone:

"H'lo!"

"Hello. Stuffy?"

"Huh?" His heart, thumping in his throat, choked him. "Yuh-yes. Ginya?"

"Yes. I'm terribly sorry to bother you at this time of night—"

"Oh, 's all right. Wasn't asleep."

"Believe me," she said icily, "I wouldn't have called you if I hadn't been absolutely desperate—if there'd been anybody else in town I could've—"

"Say! What the dickens—"

"—and anyway, it's not for me. So you needn't think—"

"Wait a minute," he said, rubbing the receiving end of the telephone against his forehead and managing to keep the mouthpiece in the general vicinity of his lips. "Maybe I *was* asleep. What *is* all this?"

"It's Pat. You see—"

"It's who?"

"Pat, Stuffy — my sister Patricia. Patricia Newcome. You knew she was going to have a baby, didn't you?"

"Oh," he said, struggling to catch up. "Patricia. Yeah. Going to have a baby. But I thought that was—well, later."

"So did she. It was. But she's having it."

Stafford Gary's obstetrical information was like that of so many bachelors, sound but sketchy and entirely academic. There was also a certain delicacy to be considered. You can't . . .

"Mmmm. I see," he temporized.

"Well, Jimmy's in Chicago on business and—"

"Hah? Jimmy?"

"Jimmy *Newcome.* He's in Chicago, and mummy and dad are in Ashe-

ville, and she's alone in the house with Hilma, and there's no one at our place but the servants. Hilma's having hysterics and she's no use. I could drive her over, but she needs me to help her and—"

"Over where?"

"Stuffy, *will* you listen, please? Somebody's got to drive Pat over to Thomaston Hospital. Quick. I'm asking you to do it. Will you please jump into your car and come right over?"

"Uh? Why, sure. Where are you?"

"At Pat's. Will you come right over?"

"Sure. I—"

"Thanks," she said, and clicked off.

☆ APPARENTLY the first thing you did, when somebody was going to have a baby, was to turn on every light in the house. Stuffy saw the bright windows through the trees as he turned into Pine Ridge Drive.

Nobody answered the bell. He waited and heard excited feet moving over the floor above. He rang again before he walked in.

The small entrance hall was neat and unexcited, as if nothing out of the ordinary were going on. Stuffy took his hat off and dropped it on a chair. He said, "Uh—Ginya . . ."

There was a noise in the dining room and he turned from the stairs to face it.

A lanky woman with a streaming lock of pale hair over her forehead appeared in the doorway and stared at him. She wore a faded flannel dressing gown tied cruelly tight around her middle, and felt slippers. She was bleached, as if she had been sent too many times to the laundry; all but her nose, which was crimson. She seemed more than likely to scream.

"Uh—I'm Mr. Gary," he said soothingly. "I—uh . . ."

"Oh, mister!"

She goggled at him. Stuffy backed

was not as heavy as he expected. They managed stairs without a mishap.

The lifelike, engaging story of an acid test for romance

BY EDWARD HOPE

away because he had a strong impression that she was planning to throw herself into his arms. "Miss Alleyn called—" he began.

"Hilma!" It was Ginya's voice, and again it wasn't.

The woman jumped and quivered. "Yas?"

"Where *are* you, Hilma?"

"Ay yoost coming." She squeezed her hands together and started for the stairs.

"Ginya!" Stuffy called.

"Stuffy! Oh, come up here, will you, please?"

Hilma galumphed up the stairs before him and darted into a bathroom at the right. Stuffy stopped, with a hand on the banisters. "Shall I—uh—come in?"

"Yes. Here."

He advanced on rebellious legs and pulled up in the doorway. The bedroom looked like a newspaper photograph of The Scene of the Crime. One twin bed was a swirl of disarranged sheets and blankets. The other was buried under a miscellaneous collection of things: a leopard coat, a packed but still open suitcase, a black hat with red and blue feathers, a pigskin dressing case, a little stack of pink silk lingerie . . .

Ginya was at a bureau, yanking out drawers and slamming them back. She wore a tweed skirt, a dark blue sweater buttoned up the back, brown-and-white golf shoes, and yellow socks. The first thing she could get into in a hurry, he thought.

☆ PATRICIA NEWCOME, enveloped in an enormous trench coat, was slumped like a bundle of laundry in a big chair in the bay window. Her face was the color of faded white silk, except for her lips, which were compressed so hard that there was no blood in them. Her hands gripped the arms of the chair.

After a moment her fingers and her lips relaxed and she raised her head. Her smile was executed with one corner of her mouth.

"Sorry to drag you out of bed," she said. "This is all a little unexpected."

"Yes—uh. If I can help—"

"I tripped over a rug and fell. I was—" Her fingers closed on the arms of the chair again. Her lips whitened once more.

Ginya slammed one more drawer and crossed the room, carrying a heap of handkerchiefs and two bottles of perfume. Her face, too, was innocent of rouge or powder and she was pale but without her sister's unpleasant yellowness. She bent over the bed, poking things into corners of the suitcase.

"There," she said. "Do you want to close this, Stuffy, while I—"

The telephone rang downstairs.

"That's my call to Jimmy," Ginya said. "I'll go."

Patricia murmured, "Oh, I wish I could speak to him. I—"

Ginya brushed past Stuffy and bumped down the stairs.

Patricia said, "Do you suppose you could carry me down? I've got to get down somehow, and I thought if that's Jimmy . . ." She got painfully to her feet. "I can walk down the hall," she said, and snatched the footboard of the bed.

He watched her knuckles turn white. He tried to be cheerful. He said, "I don't see why not. But I don't think you'd better walk at all. If—"

"In just a second," she said between her teeth . . .

She was not as heavy as he had expected. They managed the stairs without a mishap. At the bottom, he did not put her down but turned and headed for Ginya's voice, which came from the foot of the staircase.

She was saying, "Dr. Vanderbergh says it's no use. He says we can get to the hospital as quickly as he could get here, and he wants her—" She saw Stuffy and Patricia. "Wait a sec, Jimmy. She's here. She wants to speak to you."

The chair at the telephone table was impossibly tiny. Ginya pushed the telephone into Patricia's hand and said, "Wait. I'll get a decent chair."

Stuffy's arms began to ache with their burden. He noticed that he was panting a little.

Into the telephone Patricia said, "Darling!"

Ginya pushed a small upholstered armchair across the waxed floor, twirled it into position, and pointed at it imperiously.

Patricia said, "Oh, no. Not bad. . . . Well, I don't believe it's ever much fun, you know. . . . No, no, Jimmy! There's nothing to worry about. Just think. It'll be all over before—"

Stuffy heard Newcome's voice clattering metallically in the instrument. Ginya pulled his sleeve and jerked an impatient hand at the chair she had brought. He lowered Patricia into it and stood still to catch his breath.

Patricia said, "Don't be silly, darling. It's—just a series of tummy-aches. . . ." But Stuffy could see how she was gripping the telephone.

☆ GINYA took his arm in urgent fingers and dragged him away. He went with her across the dining room, through a swing door to the pantry, and thence into the kitchen. Hilma was standing at the sink, her shoulders jerking with sobs.

"Be quiet!" Ginya snapped.

"Ay t'ank—"

"Get out of here. Go up to your room and go to bed. We'll manage."

Hilma turned a startled, tear-streaked face. "Ay holp," she gulped.

"No. Thank you very much for all you've done, but Mr. Gary and I can take care of everything now. You get to bed."

Hilma's mouth drew down and her nose quivered. She buried her face in wet red hands and yipped like a puppy. She shuffled across the kitchen to the back stairs and they heard her uncertain feet going up.

"Now, listen, Stuffy," Ginya said.

"Yes?"

"How far is it to Thomaston?"

"About twenty-five miles. I don't know exactly."

"How long will it take us to get there, driving as fast as you can without jarring too much?"

"It's a good road," he said, "except that stretch by Paulsboro. This time of night . . . I'd guess half an hour. Well, maybe three quarters."

"Yes. I'm sure we'll make it in time. Otherwise it would mean delivering the baby on the way."

"Who?" he gaped.

"You and me. I know the general principles. I took a course. So I've got some things ready." She jerked her head at the stove on which three large pots were steaming. "Sterile towels and cotton and gauze, and boiled water we'll take in vacuum jugs."

☆ HE stared at her in dismay. She rolled up her sweater sleeves and went to the sink. Over her shoulder she said:

"There's a bottle of alcohol in the pantry. Get it and pour some on my hands, so they'll be clean, while I get this stuff together."

"Why don't we get started?" he asked, uncorking the bottle. "If time's as precious as all that—"

"We're going to start right away. Go up to Pat's room and get the suitcase and the dressing case. Take two of the blankets off the bed and bring those. Then get Pat into the car. I ought to have these things ready by that time."

"Couldn't we persuade some other doctor to go with us? Old Peters or somebody?"

"Dr. Peters is in bed with flu. Dr. Gaylord's in New York. And Pat won't think of Tinchman." She rubbed her hands in the alcohol and the red nail stuff smeared.

"Go *on*, Stuffy!"

He went. Patricia Newcome was still in the chair where he had left her, but the telephone was back on its rack. She smiled at Stuffy.

He asked, "Will you be all right while I go up and get the bags and things?"

"Oh, yes. I've just put in a call for my mother in Asheville. She'd never forgive me if I didn't let her know."

"Oh." He wondered whether the call was going to delay them. He said, "You could call her from the hospital."

"Yes," she agreed. "If I . . ."

He swallowed hard and said, "Lots of time. I'm just going to collect your things. I'll be right down."

He took the stairs three at a time, trying to get away from what he had seen in Patricia Newcome's eyes. Because she was going to say good-by to her mother. He knew that as clearly as if she had told him so. *If I . . .* if *I get there,* she had meant . . .

Back in the kitchen with Ginya, Stuffy asked the question he had meant to keep to himself: "Look here, Ginya. Is — is there much danger?"

She was wrapping the towel-wrapped things in a sheet. She didn't

look up at him. She said, "There's always some danger. Especially with first babies. With premature ones, it's worse. Here. Take this out. I can bring the rest."

He stood still, staring at her. "But —that's—well— Do you mean to say every woman who . . ."

Her eyes looked feverish as they met his. "It's the chance you take, if you want a baby. You have fair warning. If everything goes right, there's hardly any risk at all. If something . . . Oh, *do* go on and get out of the *way!*"

Patricia was talking on the phone as he passed through the hall. She was saying:

"—not a bit, mummy. Ginya and Stafford Gary are taking marvelous care of me. We're going to start in a minute now. . . . No, dear, there's not the slightest need of your—"

He wondered whether her mother knew what Patricia meant and why she had called up. He thought she probably did. If not, she would certainly understand in the morning, if anything *should* . . . No use thinking about things going wrong. If you can think of anything else . . .

He put the vacuum jugs on the front seat with the other things and went back into the house to tell Ginya for heaven's sake to hurry. She came into the dining room with her arms full. She said, "Turn out some of the lights. You'd better carry Pat to the car."

He thought the clock on the dash must have stopped, but his wrist watch gave the same testimony. He had been at the Newcome house only fifteen minutes. He let the clutch pedal up gently.

"Tell me if I go too fast," he said.

☆ THEY reached the hospital in time. It was a depressing red brick building, something like a school and something like a jail. Stuffy pulled up at the entrance and ran in to find somebody.

A young man with buck teeth and adenoids and a white coat was sitting at a desk in the marble-floored lobby. The place smelled of carbolic or something. The young man looked up from his book and said, "Yeah?"

"I've got a young lady out in the car who's about to have a baby. Mrs. Newcome."

"Well, bring her in."

Stuffy opened the car door and said, "He says to bring you in."

Patricia was huddled into a corner of the seat. She only stared at him and tightened her right hand on her left fist. Ginya whirled around and the dressing case slid off her knees.

"Who says?" she demanded.

"The man at the desk."

Ginya jumped out of the car and crossed the sidewalk in three strides. Stuffy said, "Just a minute now," to Patricia and closed the car door. He followed Ginya.

The young man looked at Ginya and said, "Yeah?" as before.

Ginya said, "Stand up!" in a tone that gave Stuffy an uneasy feeling that she was going to sock him. The youth put his book down and got up, scraping the chair on the marble floor.

"Go and get a stretcher," Ginya commanded him. "One of those rolling ones, if you've got one. And bring it out to the car. Where is Dr. Vanderbergh?"

The young man's eyes were protruding slightly. "He's—he was here a few minutes ago."

"Is he in the hospital?"

"Well, yeah. I think so."

"Find him and tell him Mrs. Newcome is here."

"Yes, ma'am."

The young man almost trotted. He threw back a startled glance as he darted into a corridor at the left

They stood still for a moment.

"How is she?" Stuffy asked.

"Awful."

The clock ticked deafeningly. An elevator hummed and clanked. After a while a grim-looking old man, also wearing a white coat, opened a door at the back of the lobby and pushed in the high rubber-tired stretcher thing. . . .

Nurses materialized and took charge. Rustling in starched uniforms, they wheeled Patricia into the elevator. Ginya and Stuffy started to follow, but the plump one smiled and shook her head.

"If you'll just wait in the reception room," she said.

There were no ash trays in the reception room, which seemed to indi-

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Allan Roy Dafoe, M.D.

RICH IN DEXTROSE *Food-Energy Sugar*

cate that you weren't supposed to smoke, but there was no hint as to what you *were* supposed to do. Stuffy and Ginya smoked. Ginya poked at the stack of magazines, dog-eared from many nervous fingers, on the table. Stuffy stared out the window at a street lamp.

The switchboard in the lobby clicked and buzzed for attention. Feet scuffed on the marble floor. The adenoidal young man's voice said, "Hullaw? . . . Who? . . . Just a minute. . . . He had a transfusion at ten o'clock. . . . Yeah. . . . It says slight improvement. . . . That's all I got. . . . No. Not now. . . . O. K." The switchboard buzzed again for an instant. . . .

☆ STUFFY'S only previous experience with hospitals had been a visit to a modern shiny efficient one in New York, where he had gone to see Bill Dryxell after his appendix operation. The waiting room there had been like a hotel lounge. It hadn't given him the horrors like this one.

In this stale-smelling place you couldn't help peopling the wicker furniture with men and women at grips with tragedy. Death as a suddenly personal fact. Disease and agony and somebody who was part of your life facing it alone, while you sat here and waited. Of course, you're always alone in crises. No matter how much people love you or want to help or share your trouble. . . .

Dr. Vanderbergh was a big man with black eyebrows and sharp gray eyes. He wore a little white cap and a white gown with very short sleeves that made his hairy arms look unnecessarily strong. You thought of an executioner.

"Miss Alleyn?" he said from the doorway.

Ginya went slowly to meet him. The doctor half sat on the table with one foot on the floor. The table creaked.

"How is she?" Ginya whispered.

The doctor put his fingertips together and studied them. "I understand her husband is in Chicago," he said.

"Yes. He's going to fly back but . . ."

"And her parents are away too?"

"Yes. I'm her—"

"Mmmm. Now, Miss Alleyn, I don't want to frighten you in any way, but we feel that it is best to let people know exactly how things stand."

Stuffy watched Ginya's hand make a small fist against her skirt. Otherwise she showed no sign of emotion. Her head was high and her face, in profile, expressionless.

"Yes," she said. "I think you'd better tell me exactly."

"It's best," he said, "to discount the worst that may happen. This is a premature baby and brought on by a shock. We may be able to save it. That is quite possible. On the other hand, in my opinion, the probabilities are in the other direction. That is what I have just told your sister."

"You told—*her* that?"

He put both feet on the floor and looked down at her. "Yes. It is far wiser to prepare the mother for such an eventuality. Being warned makes the shock easier to bear. Do you see?"

"Yes, I see."

"Now, there is another thing."

Ginya's lips went through the motions of saying "Yes?"

"There is, I'm afraid, considerable danger to the mother herself. I understand her parents have been informed. If not, they should be at once."

Stuffy saw her throat move as she swallowed. "They know she's—having the baby. I don't believe they realize . . . You mean she may—die?"

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LIBERTY MAGAZINE

The American Way of Life

"It's a possibility we dare not overlook, Miss Alleyn. Naturally, everything will be done for her. If she comes through, it is not unlikely that her health will be seriously impaired. On the other hand, with luck, she may have no trouble at all. We never know."

"I see," Ginya said.

"I'm sorry to have to tell you these things. It is my duty. A most unpleasant duty."

"Oh, but—thank you," Ginya whispered.

The doctor looked at the clock on the wall. It showed twenty minutes past two.

"They ought to be taking her to the delivery room now," he said, and bowed slightly, starting for the door. "I'll let you know the minute I can."

Ginya stood quite still and watched the doorway for a long time when he had gone away. Afterward she sat on a wicker settee in the corner and pulled at a small red-and-black handkerchief. She accepted a cigarette and a light from Stuffy but did not look up at his face. They did not speak. . . .

At two fifty-four Ginya said, "For heaven's sake, stop pacing. Sit *down!*"

"Sorry," he said.

"No. I'm sorry. There's no reason why you shouldn't pace, if you like." . . .

At three nineteen Stuffy exploded: "My heaven! How long does it take?"

"I don't know. Sometimes it's very long. Or she . . ."

At three thirty-two a nurse put her head into the reception room. Ginya and Stuffy sprang to their feet.

"Have you seen Dr. Carranzi?" the nurse asked.

"No," Stuffy said in a thick throat.

"Oh. Sorry to bother you."

They sat down again. . . .

At three forty-eight Stuffy went to the table and pushed the magazines around. The light that came from the dusty ceiling globe was not enough to read by but you could look at pictures. Ginya was staring at her fingernails, from which most of the red stuff was gone.

"Like some magazines?" he asked.

"No, thanks."

He took five or six and went and sat down again . . .

At four twenty-nine, when Dr. Vanderbergh finally came in, they remained seated and stared at him. He was wearing a tweed suit and a gay red-and-yellow-striped tie. He grinned, and Stuffy was as shocked as if he had stood on his head.

"Well, Miss Alleyn," the doctor said in a rich cheerful voice, "you've got a fine new nephew upstairs."

Ginya said, "What—what—do you —mean?"

"Not the biggest boy I ever saw—five pounds fourteen ounces—but perfectly formed and vigorous."

Ginya helped herself slowly out of the chair, gripping its wicker arms. She took three steps toward the doctor, her head held slightly forward.

"What about—my sister?"

"Oh, fine! Fine! She's had a hard time and she's worn out, but she is going to be perfectly all right. She's a very lucky young woman. She's had a sedative now, but if you'd like to see her for about ten seconds before you leave you can— Now, now, now! What's all this?"

☆ THE sun's first rays lay in long green stripes across the lawn when Stuffy pulled the car up at the Alleyns' porch and shut the motor off.

"Whoof!" Ginya exhaled.

Stuffy got out and strode around the car to give her a hand. "Whoof is right," he said, looking down into her tired face. His fingers were on her elbow. "Look here. When do you think you'll be up again?"

"Up?"

"I mean when you've finished sleeping. Tomorrow afternoon? Wednesday morning? I want to talk to you."

"Oh. I suppose I *will* do some sleeping some time soon. Only—I was just wondering why you didn't come in with me and have some breakfast."

"Don't you think you ought to go to bed?"

"Nope. I'm dying of starvation. We could whip up some coffee and toast and bacon and eggs. Of course the cook won't be down for hours, but I'm pretty smart myself if you turn me loose in a kitchen."

"What a coincidence! So am I."

"I'll do the eggs. You can do the bacon. Come on. What are we waiting for? . . ."

The dining room was at the southwest end of the house and was still dismal and gray. They took their trays into the library, where there was sunlight, and set them on the table in front of the sofa. The eggs were frizzled around the edges and the bacon was limp, but hunger (as they say in Spain or China or somewhere) is the finest appetizer.

"Once upon a time," Stuffy said, reaching for the salt, "there was a wolf who was as hungry as I am now. He stepped on his tongue and fell down and broke his neck."

"Moomph," Ginya replied with her mouth full.

After that they abandoned conversation and attended to their eating. Ginya finished first because Stuffy broke up his last piece of toast and mopped his plate without shame or apology. When the last vestige of egg had disappeared, he brought out his cigarettes and turned to offer them to his companion.

"Smoke?" he inquired.

But she was asleep. She had simply fallen back into the corner of the sofa and closed her eyes. Her mouth had a hint of a satisfied smile about its corners and she looked unbearably young and helpless and in need of attention.

He took the small satin pillow from between them and placed it behind her head. Her lips moved and she wriggled more comfortably into her corner. Stuffy hunched over close, so that her shoulder was against his chest. He picked her hand up out of her lap. And he kissed the corner of her mouth so softly that she did not feel it.

Moving with the utmost caution, he slipped his arm around her. She stirred and the light pressure of his arm brought her head to rest on his shoulder. Her hair was against his cheek. She sighed.

He closed his eyes. . . .

The next thing he noticed was a feminine voice that said, "Well, my goodness!" It didn't bother him particularly, but his left arm was cramped and he tried to move it. Something was holding it pinned down. He opened sleepy eyes.

And jumped.

Mrs. Alleyn, wearing a reddish brown suit and a hat to match, was standing in front of the sofa. She was staring at them. More, he thought, in astonishment than in anger.

"Guh-ood morning," he said.

Ginya woke and stretched and raised her head.

"Why, mummy!" she said and withdrew her hand from Stuffy's. "How on earth . . ."

"Your father and I chartered a plane in Asheville and flew to Thomaston. We've just seen Patricia and the baby, and the doctor said everything was all right, so we came home. . . . I understand you were splendid, Stafford."

"Who?" he inquired, feeling that Ginya really ought to move away or something. "Me?"

Ginya said, "He was. Nobody should ever have a baby without Stuffy in attendance."

Mrs. Alleyn pulled off her hat and shook her pretty gray hair a little. "Dear, dear!" she sighed. "I can't seem to get it through my head that I'm a grandmother. I had trouble enough persuading myself that I really was Jimmy Newcome's mother-in-law, but this grandmother business is going to get me down."

"That's because it's premature," Ginya said. "The premature grandmother has to take it very carefully for the first few weeks."

Stuffy slipped free of Ginya and got up, as seemed only proper for the occasion. He gulped a couple of times until he had Mrs. Alleyn's attention.

"I wuh-wonder," he said, "whether —now that you've got a grandson and everything — you'd mind being my mother-in-law too. I mean—you've had a lot of practice now, and . . . I thought if you could stand it, I might ask Ginya . . ."

THE END

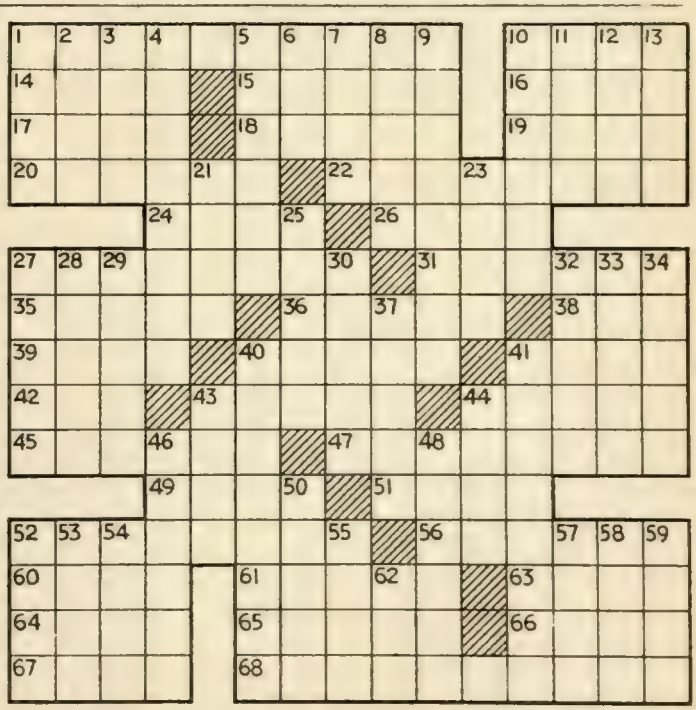
COCKEYED CROSSWORDS by Ted Shane

HORIZONTAL

1 Wows; blonde heat waves
10 Pestiferous pellets
14 It's such a cut-up on the farm, it brings wrinkles to Ma Earth's puss
15 Create crosswords
16 Give the needle to
17 It's long, lean, and windy
18 An unconquerable Crete
19 A "More fun—more people killed!"
20 Spy Crick
22 Bachelor bait, found hanging around apartments by naïve young women
24 It's black and white but read all over
26 UUUUU
27 What Churchill calls the radio
31 What frisky foolish gals perform
35 Like a lot
36 Drunk at night, crusty in the morning
38 Rubber Hamburger Inhalers (abbr.)
39 Glass eye that makes a snappy impression among poseurs
40 Ticker
41 What a good-looking gal does with her eyes
42 What a good-looking gal has on her mind
43 Screwballs
44 They spout a lot of hot stuff about Italy, but Il Doochay can't plug 'em up
45 Ski skids
47 State of being unlit
49 What most people come home from two weeks in the country for
51 A backward lion got in here
52 Judas
56 Operated on the stagger system in hic fashion
60 152
61 If it wasn't for this place you'd not be going around tired
63 Bright, colorful yarn
64 The goofiest things on women's minds
65 Your grandfather's son's sister's daughter, to your grandfather's son
66 What she slipped on after the bath
67 Diss Graf got a goot plug vrom der Britisch Nafy, unt iss now operating like a supmarine
68 Pretty low talk (pl.; two words)

VERTICAL

1 Society for the Prevention of Overventilated Pop-offs (abbr.)
2 It's being dusted off and refurnished for a new arrival from Germany
3 Time to satisfy the demands of the middleman
4 Revealing things about college gals
5 It produces most of Mexicans' gas
6 Starting to be irate
7 Absorb figures through the eyes
8 Kind of sundae enjoyed by crackpots
9 It takes quite a beating when things get unsettled around the Atlantic and Pacific
10 Gent who doesn't mix his vices or drinks
11 Country England can't get to first base on
12 A-twitter and a-twitch
13 Unpermanent waves (fem.)
21 This smells of tweed, tobacco, has muscles and is run by women
23 What old maids do for men under beds
25 The chemist's daughter
27 Outside keeper-outers, inside keeper-inners
28 What living in Neurope will be far from
29 The music that goes round and round
30 Bottle-scarred veterans
32 That peaceful dame again
33 Gyp
34 He's the darlingest man!
37 Wouldn't this burn you up!
40 1776 Nazis
41 What Mussolini uses in doing his backwork
43 Bestow the Royal Order of the Razzberry
44 Perry's Pond
46 Butter up
48 This place drives men wild
50 Question mark in the Far East
52 German eyes
53 Smack on the kisser, used to halt forward passers
54 To quote-unquote
55 What the mounted customs man moved at a
57 Laymanly
58 French she
59 Heeland strrrream (pl.)
62 First part of a fall month



T AGED MIFF SPA
R POLITICAL TAR
ATE ELITE AGATE
DO EVADE EVIL
E SLATE SLOVENE
SPATE INURE AX
EMATE BRADS OVI
LICE GLARE TWIT
GLE PRATE SING
IE PEASE LINEAL
N GENIE BIZERTA
TITAN CAVES EM
MORAL WANED ASP
ORAL LAMAS AM
IEF PATENT THANE
R FRUSTRATE SEW
E EAST ASEA SEE

Last week's answer

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

Football Experts are Phonies

☆ ARE you a football sucker? Do you fall for the rating-chart racket? Do you believe, as so many do, that there is merit in a football rating system based on scores and statistics? Do you pay hard cash for the weekly dope sheets to help you beat the football pools?

Most football "experts" who sell rating systems can't tell a spinner from a lateral or a cross buck from a reverse. All they know is what they read in the statistics. And with this accumulated wisdom they take you for a lucrative ride.

They don't take bets. They merely sell information. They can't be classified as gamblers and, since they are often sincere, they can't justly be called swindlers. "Phonies" is the most appropriate term for them—or, better still, "phony experts."

Annually they cash in on the great American football mania. Where millions of dollars are being wagered on games each week it is only natural that a lot of people should seek help. They look to the various rating systems for guidance just as turf fans follow the racing sheets. Of the two evils, the racing-tip sheet is the less phony. A horse is more dependable than a football team because it has only one head, while a gridiron outfit has at least eleven.

Throughout the season every business office, fraternity house, lodge, shop, candy store, and golf club gets its weekly supply of betting cards from gamblers who offer tempting odds to any one who can pick five winners out of five games, six out of six, or ten out of ten. The "come-on" is terrific. Anybody who can tell a football from a Persian melon thinks he can beat the cards, especially when armed with the information supplied by an "expert."

Those who know the first thing about football are aware of the unreliability of such things as yardage gained, passes completed, touchdowns made, and yardage lost in estimating the real potentialities of an eleven. Even the final score itself is not dependable evidence of a team's power. This is so because the techniques of teams differ. The main weakness of all these football rating systems lies in the fact that they are based on statistics, which actually are quite valueless.

In the first place, there is as yet no accepted method of keeping statistics. The newspapers themselves frequently differ. Some writers are so naïve as to consider a touchdown a first down. Some statisticians estimate the distance of punts from the line of scrimmage, others from where the ball was kicked.

That the techniques of teams have definite effect on their statistics is easily seen. Columbia, for example, plays a different type of game from Notre Dame. The former, coached by Lou Little, is an aggressive team that believes possession of the ball is more important than position on the field; so the moment it gets the cowhide it goes to work and tries desperately hard to drive its way to a touchdown. This method usually makes for good statistics. If it receives a punt on its own five- or ten-yard line, instead of returning the kick and waiting for a break that will put it in scoring territory, it goes right into driving action.

Notre Dame, on the other hand, long followed the technique popularized by Knute Rockne. It played for the break that would put it in midfield or in scoring territory. Confident of its own resourcefulness and its ability to cash in on its scoring power when the opportunity came, it used to overlook in many instances the long marches of its adversaries, and to play a waiting game.

In the statistical summary of the game the Irish often looked unimpressive. But although outgained, outfirst-downed, outpassed, and theoretically outplayed, they invariably came home with the bacon. They paid no attention to such insignificant details as yardage gained, passes completed, or the distance of kicks. They built toward a scoring play.

Not infrequently in the past Notre Dame's pilot sacrificed a long aerial in order to push the secondaries back where they belonged and thus set the stage for a reverse or an off-tackle play that meant a touchdown. The team conserved its energy for the moment when energy really counted. It knew, as all coaches know so well, that a long march of more than sixty yards seldom results in a touchdown. Almost invariably a fumble, a penalty, or a misplay ends the advance.

As proof of the absurdity of trying to rate a team on the basis of game statistics, let us take a look at the Boston College-Temple game of last fall. B. C. won, 33 to 20, but you'd never have guessed that from the statistics. They would have made it look

like a clean-cut victory for Temple. Here they are:

	B. C.	TEMPLE
First downs	6	12
Yards gained rushing	138	183
Yards gained passing	151	138
Passes	10	17
Passes completed	8	11
Punts	10	10
Av. distance punts	45	42
Run-back of punts	64	58
Fumbles	4	3
Ball lost, fumbles	2	2
Penalties	4	1
Yards lost, penalties	45	5

Temple outgained B. C. 183 to 138, made twice as many first downs, completed more passes, fumbled less, and was penalized less, yet lost the game by thirteen points. And this game is no exception. In a large percentage of cases the team that is statistically "outplayed" wins.

If you *must* pick winners, read play-by-play accounts of the teams' previous games. Find out if the one you are banking on has shown the ability to advance the ball inside of its opponents' forty-yard line. Analyze its passing game. Study its wingmen. Above all, know what kind of quarterback it has and whether or not the team has the right mental attitude. Note whether it yields yardage easily *when in its own territory*. Make certain whether it has at least one power runner who can cash in on scoring opportunities. And then—

Remember, the saying in the sports world that only a fool bets on a prize fight might well apply to football.

THE END

Fans, beware! Here's light on some things you should know

BY EDDIE DOOLEY

Football Editor of Liberty

HEAD-LINE NEWS

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NEWEST

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This Man's Army

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

This department of Liberty is for the men of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 122 East 42 St., New York.

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

☆ MY experience as a drafted man in the Army prompts these suggestions for improvement of the troops' morale:

1. Eliminate K. P. and fatigue for combat soldiers. They take a lot of time and are not conducive to soldierly pride and spirit.
2. Intensify the training program. There is too much repetition of ground already covered, such as close-order drill and interior guard duty, and not enough progress in advanced work.
3. Give us better instructors who can make their lectures more interesting.
4. Let every man have access to all manuals and textbooks dealing with his branch of service. A lot of us would like to do some studying, but this outfit hasn't even received the Soldier's Handbook.
5. Test the knowledge and progress of the men by periodical written or oral examinations. This would stimulate interest and competitive spirit.
6. Devote Wednesday afternoons to recreation and sport. You may read that this is already so, but it isn't so here.
7. Our officers could show greater encouragement to men who are earnestly interested in advancement and in making the Army a career.

Pvt. B. I. R., Fort Lewis, Wash.

Most of those suggestions are really constructive. If you handle yourself as well as you think and write, I'd like to have you in my outfit for promotion material. I could add some of my own suggestions, but first I'd like to hear what my readers think of yours and what others they can offer.

I have just finished reading that splendid article, Camp Morale, by Morris Markey (August 2 Liberty), and I wonder how many people feel as I do—that I want to give what little I can spare, and more, to help entertain the men in their hours of leisure. In addition to the cash contribution I've made to the U. S. O., would it be in order for me to send, directly to the camps, such things as baseballs and bats, games like bingo and checkers, and books? Just a line of advice on your page (and would it were a dozen) will guide a lot of people like myself.

Mrs. R. E. S., Missoula, Mont.

It certainly would be in order, and if you don't get official letters of thanks I'll be much mistaken. Ship the packages to the posts in which you're most interested or, if you have no preference, to any you choose. Address the Morale Officer. And thanks from Mr. Markey and O. S.

Most healthy young men today will, at some time, be obliged to do a "hitch" or make a "cruise" with the armed forces of this country. Yet thousands of young men haven't taken the trouble to look into the possibilities of their military future; they don't know the comparable advantages of the Marine Corps, Army, and Navy service; not one out of ten, I'll wager, can tell how long they must serve in a regular enlistment in each branch of service or what a "Reserve" enlistment is and means.

If every man who may some day be in uniform would follow this logical advice they would get a greater satisfaction, enjoyment, and benefit from their service: Go to your Marine Corps, Army, and Navy recruiting stations. Ask questions. Get clear in your mind the details concerning each service. Compare. Make up your own mind whether you want to be a leatherneck, a soldier, or a bluejacket. The choice is yours. Don't let the draft board make the choice for you.

Captain Remsen J. Cole, U. S. Marine Corps, Philadelphia, Pa.

That's mighty sound advice, Captain Cole, and I want to make only one addition: there's the Coast Guard to consider, too.

Do you know that the 1¼-cents-a-mile fare, announced by the railroads as available to men on furlough, isn't worth much? My son at Fort Totten, New York, has tried to get the lower rate several times, but has always been refused, although he presented an orderly's pass for twenty-four hours and a week-end pass. Why can't a man on authorized leave receive the reduction?

H. O. M., Rome, N. Y.

Let the spokesman for the Association of American Railroads answer your question: "So far as the railroads are concerned, the so-called furlough fare of 1¼ cents per mile applies regardless of the length of leave of the soldier; that is, it applies for week-end trips as well as for longer furloughs. However, the reduced fare applies only when furlough fare certificates are presented. Those furlough fare certificates, which were printed by the railroads and furnished to the military branches, may be issued only by officers of the Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard. It is possible that some of the men have been unable to obtain the certificates from their officers." There has to be some regulation or the privilege would be abused. I hope your son can get a certificate for his next trip home.

I have been sick for the past three weeks, and I understand that when I'm discharged from the post hospital I'm entitled to a day off for every week I've spent there. Is that so?

Sgt. T. A., Fort Dix, N. J.

Somebody's been kidding you, sarge. When you're returned to duty you're returned to duty, and I've never heard of the Army (or any other organization) giving a bonus for sickness.

The top kick lined up the draftees after a day of drilling. They were footsore, hungry, and weary.

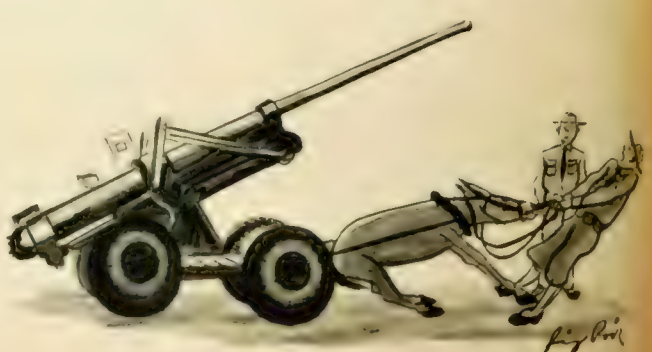
"Any of youse guys know anything about shorthand?"

Seven eager young patriots stepped forward.

"O. K.," grinned the sarge. "Report to the kitchen. Cooky says he's shorthanded on dishwashers."

The Barracks Bag, Boston Army Base, Mass.

"I'd like to know how Noah got *two* of these into the ark!"



BREATH OF LIFE—Continued from Page 22

Ron said, "I'll try to deserve that, sir."

"What are your plans?"

"Lydia wishes to be married in June."

"And then . . .? We'll give you time for a honeymoon," promised Allen, smiling, "but after—"

"I thought, a little place near by. Lydia suggested," said Ron, feeling hot under the collar, "that we live here, but—"

"I'd like nothing better," said Lydia's father, "but I understand your feeling. . . . And it's best so—your own place, your own life . . . And I won't be lonely. I'll see Lydia every day, and you and I will be working together."

Ron wrote to Mamie that night. He said, "It hasn't been announced, and won't be until spring. Lydia doesn't like official long engagements. So don't say anything to any one but Mat and doc, will you? Of course I expect you and Mat to come down to the wedding. I'm walking on air, Mamie, the happiest living man . . ."

Mamie wrote in return, her good, loving heart bared to him on paper. At the end she said, "I'm sorry to have to tell you that I can't give Dr. Barton your good news. He had a stroke last night. Jenny's taking care of him. He's pretty sick, Ron, but we have hope."

Dr. Barton died less than a week later, and Ron was unable to go upstate for the funeral. He wrote Jenny and wired flowers, but he could not get away. Allen was not yet well enough to take over entirely even for a few days. Ron tried to explain this to Mamie, telephoning her rather than writing. He said, "Mamie, if there were *any* possible way, you know I would, don't you?"

"Yes, of course," said Mamie. "Jenny understands, too; she said so."

☆ IN March the letter came from Jenny. She said, "I remember what you told me, that day last summer. I can't stay here, Dr. Lewis. Mother's gone to Cooperstown to live with her sister, who has become a chronic invalid. I have plenty of work here, of course, but I feel I'd like to get away. It was one of the last things grandfather said to me, as it happens. He said, 'Jenny, get out of this little town and try your luck in the city . . . Ron will help you.' . . ."

Ron could help her. It wasn't hard, with Dr. Allen's influence at Lister. Allen, listening to the story, said, "Well, we'll see what we can do. A floor job—on obstetrics. How would that be? If she works in, there might be a supervisor's position later. And after that, who knows? They're shorthanded now. I'll look into it tomorrow, Ron. She sounds like the type of girl we need."

In April Jenny Barton came to New York. She couldn't sleep as the train rattled through the spring night. She thought—Lister Memorial. She thought, I'll see him every day. We'll be working together—again.

I must make good, she thought. I can't let him . . . or grandfather down.

In the very early morning she left the train, pale with fatigue but walking as if she hadn't lain awake all night . . . walking lightly toward her future . . . a porter trotting beside her. She was to go right to Lister.

But Ron was there at the gates, at that ungodly hour. She saw no one but him for a moment—the long lean man with the bright eyes and the friendly smile—so did not at first notice the young woman beside him, very blonde, very lovely in the sort of simple suit which comes very high in the best workrooms, an impossible bird perched on her fair hair, dark sleek furs about her shoulders.

☆ "BUT, Lydia," Ron had protested, "the train gets in before you're even awake."

"I'm meeting her, just the same, with you. And taking my car. I'm curious about her, and taking no chance," Lydia had said firmly. "Besides, this is part of my job, isn't it?"

"Jenny," said Ron, and went forward to take her hands. "What sort of trip did you have?" He turned to include Lydia. "Lydia," he said—and Jenny's heart quickened with . . . astonishment? apprehension?—"Miss Allen," he said, "Miss Barton."

"I've heard so much about you," Lydia was saying mendaciously.

Allen? Dr. Allen's daughter?

Lydia's left hand was gloveless. Ron's ring was on her finger. She did not wear it as a rule, as the engagement had not yet been made public. Today she wore it. . . . "It's pretty little," he had said, "but some day I'll replace it, dearest . . ."

"Ron," said Lydia, and put her arm through his possessively, "don't keep poor Miss Barton standing here; let's take her out to the car, darling."

So that was that. He said, piloting Jenny toward the car, "I imagine you've guessed, and Lydia doesn't mind your knowing. Doc was to know first of all, but he was taken ill just about that time, so—"

Jenny found herself saying the conventional things. Why shouldn't she? He was nothing to her, except a friend. She looked from the car windows to the thronged streets. Her future lay here, in this city, in the hospital. Ron Lewis had no place in that future except as a friend, as a doctor whom she admired greatly and with whom she would perhaps work.

But suddenly she was lonely and afraid.

How will the triangle work out? Will Ron become aware of Jenny's devotion? Will he realize Lydia's selfishness and hardness before it is too late? Don't miss the next chapter of this powerful and human novel—in Liberty next week.

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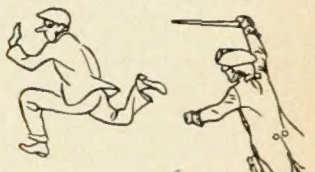

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THE LAST WORD: *The Bible Crowds Mein Kampf*

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FULTON OURSLER

RECENTLY I WAS ONE of a group of thirty authors and journalists co-operating with the Committee on College Reading to select a representative list of Books for Today. The Committee, which was founded in 1933, is composed of deans, librarians, and English professors from thirty-four universities and colleges throughout the country. Of the seventy-seven books chosen, The Education of Henry Adams led with more than 80 per cent endorsement. Others crowding Adams for first place were: Mein Kampf, the Bible, Frazer's The Golden Bough, Beard's Rise of American Civilization, Franklin's Autobiography, Bellamy's Looking Backward, Plato's Republic, Sandburg's Lincoln, and Whitman's Leaves of Grass.

Those who assisted the Committee in choosing Books for Today are Alfred M. Bingham, Sinclair Lewis, Raymond Clapper, Eleanor Roosevelt, Pierre van Paassen, Louis Adamic, Thurman Arnold, Lin Yutang, Mark Hawley, Aldous Huxley, Stephen Vincent Benét, Bruce Bliven, Clarence Streit, Stuart Chase, Johannes Steel, Marquis W. Childs, Edgar Snow, Paul de Kruif, Fulton Oursler, Edward S. Corwin, Peter H. Odegard, Henry P. Fairchild, Virgilia Sapieha, Peter S. Drucker, Robert Kintner, Louis M. Hacker, Paul Kellogg, Matthew Josephson, Max Lerner, and Floyd Mack.

The complete list follows. *Ancient Wisdom:* The Bible; Aristotle, Politics; Thomas Carlyle, Past and Present; James George Frazer, The Golden Bough; Edward Gibbon, The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire; John Richard Green, A Short History of the English People; Niccolo Machiavelli, The Prince; Alfred Thayer Mahan, The Influence of Sea Power upon History; John Milton, Areopagitica; Thomas More, Utopia; Plato, The Republic; Plutarch, Lives of Famous Greeks and Romans; Adam Smith, The Wealth of Nations; Jean Jacques Rousseau, The Social Contract; Voltaire, Candide; H. G. Wells, The Outline of History. *American Tradition:* The Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States; James Truslow Adams, The Epic of America; Charles A. and Mary R. Beard, The Rise of American Civilization; Stephen Vincent Benét, John Brown's Body; Van Wyck Brooks, The Flowering of New England; Ralph Waldo Emerson, Essays; Felix Frankfurter, Mr. Justice Holmes and the Supreme Court; Benjamin Franklin, Autobiography; Douglas Southall Freeman, Robert E. Lee; Alexander Hamilton, The Federalist; Thomas Paine, Common Sense, and The Rights of Man; Jacob Riis, The Making of an American; Carl Sandburg, Lincoln; Henry David Thoreau, Walden; Alexis de Tocqueville, Democracy in America; Frederick Jackson Turner, The Frontier in American History; Walt Whitman, Leaves of Grass. *Unfinished Business:* Henry Adams, The Education of Henry Adams; Jane Addams, Twenty Years at Hull House; Thurman Arnold, The Folklore of Capitalism; Charles A. and Mary R. Beard, America in Mid-Passage; A. A. Berle and G. C. Means, The Modern Corporation and Private Property; Stuart Chase, Idle Money, Idle Men; Winston Churchill, Blood, Sweat, and Tears; Paul de Kruif, The Fight for Life; Henry George, Progress and Poverty; Fiodor Dostoievsky, The Brothers Karamazov; John Gunther, Inside Europe, and Inside Asia; Ernest Hemingway, For Whom the Bell Tolls; Adolf Hitler, Mein Kampf; Aldous Huxley, Brave New World; Max Lerner, It Is Later than You Think; Sinclair Lewis, Main Street, and Arrowsmith; Robert S. and Helen M. Lynd, Middletown, and Middletown in Transition; Karl Marx, Capital; Somerset Maugham, Of Human Bondage; Hermann Rauschning, The Revolution of Nihilism; Vincent Sheean, Personal History; Edgar Snow, The Battle for Asia; Oswald Spengler, The Decline of the West; Lincoln Steffens, Autobiography; John Steinbeck, Grapes of Wrath; Leo Tolstoi, War and Peace; Leon Trotsky, The History of the Russian Revolution; Pierre van Paassen, Days of Our Years; Thorstein Veblen, The Theory of the Leisure Class; Richard Wright, Native Son. *Dawn of Tomorrow:* Louis Adamic, My America; Edward Bellamy, Looking Backward; Stuart Chase, The Economy of Abundance; Marquis W. Childs, Sweden—The Middle Way; John Dewey, Philosophy; William James, Varieties of Religious Experience; Jawaharlal Nehru, Toward Freedom; Carl Sandburg, The People, Yes; Henry A. Wallace, New Frontiers; Lin Yutang, The Importance of Living.

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE we will bring you a diversified bill of reading matter, led off by an interesting question—Will Lindbergh Run for Senator in Minnesota? That, say some of the political guess-men, is the Colonel's new ambition; they believe he will oppose Governor Stassen in the race next year in the state that was once the political battleground of his liberal, courageous, and well remembered father. Fred Allhoff has explored the rumors about the Colonel's plans and will tell you in this article what he has found out. How Thyssen Was Captured is an article by Valeriu Marcu tending to clear up the mystery of Hitler's vanished financier. Another question—it is a policy of our magazine to raise interesting questions and to present both or various sides by authorities—is found in an article by George Sokolsky, Is South America the Bunk? The author feels it is largely chimerical, this hope of friendship and prosperity down there. But Walter Karig, who writes the other side, disagrees most vigorously. As usual, you may read both men's views and come to your own conclusion. Still another question is raised by Eddie Dooley: Are Football Coaches Overrated? There will be many other features, all the usual departments, and full installments of the serials. We aim to please and we believe this table of contents hits the bull's-eye!

HOW WOULD YOU ANSWER THIS? From Mrs. F. Archambault, 45 Potomac Avenue, Buffalo, New York: "For *two* reasons I turn to the last page of Liberty first—I am inquisitive and want to know what next week's news is going to be, and second—your photograph. The way your hair's combed reminds me of my 'dear departed' first husband. You see, the memories I am forced to rehearse every week make my blood boil and run a temperature. Give me a break, won't you, Mr. Oursler, and use another picture? I faithfully cut this one out immediately, but the deed rankles."

☆ *THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.* FULTON OURSLER.

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